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THOUGHT METHOD

THE  
THIRD  
READING  
BOOK

PART II.

NEW YORK

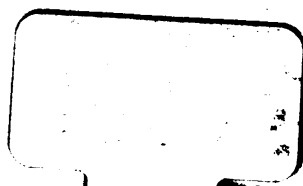
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THE DAVIS SERIES OF READING-BOOKS.

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PART II.

OF THE

THIRD

READING-BOOK.

BY

EBEN H. DAVIS, A.M.,

SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS, CHELSEA, MASS.

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ILLUSTRATED.

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NEW YORK:

UNIVERSITY PUBLISHING COMPANY.

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## PREFACE.

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THE THIRD READING-BOOK introduces the pupil to the writings of some of the most popular authors of juvenile literature, whose names are household words. The selections are full of interest, and pure and elevating in tone and influence.

The lessons present a variety in style and sentiment, such as cannot fail to engage the earnest attention and sympathy of the pupils and influence them to better thoughts and a more exalted use of the imagination. Poetry, memory selections, and religious teaching, adapted to the cultivation of good morals and good manners, are interspersed through the book.

Special pains have been taken to give the pages of this reading-book the most attractive appearance for children. They are bereft of every encumbrance, and possess all the attractions of the best library book. The teacher who desires to see the difficult words arranged in columns will find a very full list at the end of the book.



The full-page illustrations for special Language Lessons, which are an original feature of the series, are continued in the Third Reading-Book. They were designed to afford special subjects for language work of a higher order than that of the question-and-answer style. They were drawn by Mr. E. H. Garrett, a well-known artist.

Teachers who have been in doubt as to what books to read in school, or to recommend their pupils to read, may feel confidence in encouraging a further acquaintance with the authors whose names are found on the pages of this reading-book.

The editor hereby expresses his thanks to the authors from whose writings selections have been used, and to the following publishers, who, by special arrangement, have granted permission to use copyright matter: Messrs. Roberts Brothers, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Lee & Shepard, The Century Company, and Robert Carter & Bros.

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# CONTENTS.

## PART II.

LESSON	PAGE
1. Somebody's Mother . . . . .	161
2. The Brave Woman . . . . .	163
3. The Story of the Sugar ( <i>Mary and Elizabeth Kirby</i> )	166
4. Christmas Turkey, and How it came.—I. ( <i>Louisa M. Alcott</i> ) . . . . .	170
5. Christmas Turkey, and How it came.—II. . . . .	173
6. Christmas Turkey, and How it came.—III. . . . .	177
7. Over and Over Again . . . . .	180
8. Blunder.—I. ( <i>Louise E. Chollet</i> ) . . . . .	182
9. Blunder.—II. . . . .	185
10. Blunder.—III. . . . .	189
11. The Little Match-Boy ( <i>Dean Stanley</i> ) . . . . .	192
12. Higher will we Climb ( <i>James Montgomery</i> ) . . . . .	196
13. The Widow's Two Daughters.—I. ( <i>Grimm</i> ) . . . . .	197
14. The Widow's Two Daughters.—II. . . . .	201
15. Robinson Crusoe's Pets ( <i>Defoe</i> ) . . . . .	204
16. Sunshine, and her Brothers and Sisters.—I. ( <i>Louisa M. Alcott</i> ) . . . . .	207
17. Sunshine, and her Brothers and Sisters.—II. . . . .	210
18. Sunshine, and her Brothers and Sisters.—III. . . . .	213
19. The King and the Locusts.—I. . . . .	216
20. The King and the Locusts.—II. . . . .	218
21. The Violets.—I. ( <i>Mrs. Horace Mann</i> ) . . . . .	221
22. The Violets.—II. . . . .	224
23. The Violets.—III. . . . .	227
24. Where shall we Walk? ( <i>James Hogg</i> ) . . . . .	230
25. The Story of the Salt.—I. ( <i>Mary and Elizabeth Kirby</i> )	231
26. The Story of the Salt.—II. . . . .	234
27. Little Tom, the Chimney-Sweep.—I. ( <i>Charles Kingsley</i> ) . . . . .	237
28. Little Tom, the Chimney-Sweep.—II. . . . .	240
29. The Flax.—I. ( <i>Hans Christian Andersen</i> ) . . . . .	243
30. The Flax.—II. . . . .	246
31. The King of Kings . . . . .	251

LESSON	PAGE
32. Seven Times One ( <i>Jean Ingelow</i> ) . . . . .	253
33. What we should Drink . . . . .	254
34. The Two Seeds ( <i>George Macdonald</i> ) . . . . .	258
35. The Vicar's Sermon ( <i>Charles Mackay</i> ) . . . . .	262
36. A Clever Trick . . . . .	264
37. Little Roger's Night in Church.—I. ( <i>Susan Coolidge</i> )	266
38. Little Roger's Night in Church.—II. . . . .	270
39. Little Roger's Night in Church.—III. . . . .	273
40. Christie.—I. ( <i>Susan Coolidge</i> ) . . . . .	276
41. Christie.—II. . . . .	278
42. Merry Christmas ( <i>Louisa M. Alcott</i> ) . . . . .	282
43. The Little Lame Prince.—I. ( <i>Dinah Mulock Craik</i> , author of "John Halifax, Gentleman") . . . . .	283
44. The Little Lame Prince.—II. . . . .	286
45. The Little Lame Prince.—III. . . . .	289
46. The Little Lame Prince.—IV. . . . .	291
47. The Little Lame Prince.—V. . . . .	294
48. The Little Lame Prince.—VI. . . . .	296
49. The Little Lame Prince.—VII. . . . .	298
50. Fairy Folk ( <i>Alice Cary</i> ) . . . . .	301
51. The Nettle-Gatherer.—I. . . . .	302
52. The Nettle-Gatherer.—II. . . . .	305
53. The Nettle-Gatherer.—III. . . . .	307
54. Thanksgiving Day . . . . .	310
55. The Four MacNicol's.—I. ( <i>William Black</i> ) . . . . .	312
56. The Four MacNicol's.—II. . . . .	315
57. The Four MacNicol's.—III. . . . .	319
58. The Four MacNicol's.—IV. . . . .	322
59. I Remember ( <i>Thomas Hood</i> ) . . . . .	326
VOCABULARY . . . . .	327

#### FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS.

An Exercise for Language.—No. 6 . . . . .	<i>Facing</i> 184
An Exercise for Language.—No. 7 . . . . .	" 206
An Exercise for Language.—No. 8 . . . . .	" 230
An Exercise for Language.—No. 9 . . . . .	" 252
An Exercise for Language.—No. 10 . . . . .	" 288
An Exercise for Language.—No. 11 . . . . .	" 300
An Exercise for Language.—No. 12 . . . . .	" 326

## PART II.



### 1.—SOMEBODY'S MOTHER.

The woman was old, and ragged, and gray,  
And bent with the chill of the winter's day ;  
The street was wet with a recent snow,  
And the woman's feet were aged and slow.  
She stood at the crossing and waited long,  
Alone, uncared for, amid the throng

Of human beings who passed her by  
Nor heeded the glance of her anxious eye.  
Down the street, with laughter and shout,  
Glad in the freedom of "school let out,"  
Came the boys like a flock of sheep,  
Hailing the snow, piled white and deep.  
Past the woman so old and gray  
Hastened the children on their way,  
Nor offered a helping hand to her,  
So meek, so timid, afraid to stir,  
Lest the carriage wheels or the horses' feet  
Should knock her down in the slippery street.  
At last came one of the merry troop,  
The gayest laddie of all the group:  
He paused beside her, and whispered low,  
"I'll help you across if you wish to go."  
Her aged hand on his strong young arm  
She placed, and so, without hurt or harm,  
He guided the trembling feet along,  
Proud that his own were firm and strong.  
Then back to his friends again he went,  
His young heart happy and well content.

“She’s somebody’s mother, boys, you know,  
For all she’s aged, and poor, and slow ;

“And I hope some fellow will lend a hand  
To help my mother, you understand,

“If ever she’s poor, and old, and gray,  
When her own dear boy is far away.”

And “somebody’s mother” bowed low her  
head

In her home that night, and the prayer she  
said

Was, “God, be kind to the noble boy,  
Who is somebody’s son, and pride, and joy.”

---

## 2.—THE BRAVE WOMAN.

It was midwinter. The people were about to keep a great holiday. They had put up tents on the ice, and all the villagers, both young and old, were assembled in the open air.

Some were on skates, and some rode in sleighs. Music sounded in the tents, the young folks danced, and the old people sat around and talked.

Thus the day passed until the full moon rose.

Only one poor old woman was left behind in the village. She was sick and infirm, and could not walk. But, as her house stood upon the dike, she could watch the sport from her bed.

Towards evening she discovered, as she looked out over the sea, in the west, a small white cloud, just rising above the distant horizon.

Immediately a terrible anxiety seized her. She had been to sea with her husband, and understood the weather signs very well.

She thought, "In an hour the tidal wave will be here, a storm will burst upon them, and all will be lost."

Then she shouted, calling as loud as she could, but there was no one in her house besides herself, and the neighbors were all upon the ice. Nobody heard her.

In the mean time, the cloud became larger and blacker. A few minutes more, and the tidal wave would come, and the storm would burst upon them.

Then she gathered the little strength she

had, and crept on her hands and knees out of bed to the stove.

Fortunately, she found a brand left. She threw it into the straw of her bed, and crawled out of the house as fast as she could to save herself.

In a minute the little house was in flames, and the glow of the fire was seen from the ice. All rushed in great haste to the shore.

Already the wind had sprung up, and blew the snow-flakes over the ice. The ice began to crack and bend, and the wind increased to a tempest, as the last one set foot upon firm land. Then the ice broke, and the tidal wave reached the shore.

So the poor woman saved the whole village, and gave for its safety all that she possessed.

---

Whatever hath been written shall remain,  
Nor be erased, nor written o'er again ;  
The unwritten only still belongs to thee :  
Take heed, and ponder well what that shall  
be.

LONGFELLOW.



### 3.—THE STORY OF THE SUGAR.

Everybody likes sugar. The Christmas pudding would be nothing without it; and the plum-cake, and the tarts, and the custards, and all the nice things that children are so fond of, would have no sweet taste in them if it were not for the sugar.

But its range is much wider than this. It is found in the ripe peach on the wall, and in the juicy pear. The bee knows the taste of it well, and finds it hidden deep in the bell of the flower.

It lurks in the grape, and in the orange, and in other fruits too many to name. It finds its way into the stems of plants, and makes their juices sweet and delicious.

There is a tall, reed-like plant, with a yellow stem. It is called the sugar-cane, because there is so much sugar in it.

The sugar-cane grows in very hot countries, where many black people live, and, in some cases, where monkeys run about on the trees. The burning sun pours its rays full upon it; but this is what it likes, and what makes its juice so sweet.

A sugar plantation is a very pretty sight. The tall, yellow canes rustle in the wind; and at the top is a tuft of flowers, that looks like a silvery plume. Here and there black people are busy at work among them, hoeing and weeding. The women have blue and scarlet handkerchiefs tied round their heads, for they dearly love a bit of finery.

Sometimes in the middle of the night, when all is still and cool, and the moon is shining, a troop of monkeys comes racing down from the mountains near. Then woe betide the sugar-canes!

The monkeys like the taste of sugar. They clutch at the canes with their long fingers, and pull them up, and bite them, and do a great deal of mischief.

But, happily, the black man has a fancy for roast monkey, and he thinks it no trouble to sit watching hour after hour, with his gun in his hand, waiting for the monkeys.

Down they come at full speed, and do not all at once see him. Pop goes the gun, and one or other of the robbers is sure to be shot.

The juice of the canes forms the material

of the supply of sugar met with everywhere, in every town, village, and household.

Before it becomes sugar it has to go through many changes and pass through many hands. In the first place, the beautiful yellow canes are cut down close to the ground, and tied up in bundles. Then they are carried to the mill, where the big giant, Steam, sends great iron rollers over them, which squeeze out every drop of juice.

The juice runs into a tank and is there made hot, lest it should turn sour. A little lime is put in with it to make it clear, and then the liquor is boiled very fast indeed.

When it has left off boiling, and has been set to cool, it is full of sparkling crystals, which are real sugar. But the crystals are mixed up with a thick stuff that is called molasses, and this has to be separated from them.

The giant Steam is set to work, and performs this task very quickly. The liquor is poured off into the upper chamber of a large square iron box which is divided into two chambers by a partition made of wire like a sieve. Then the good-natured giant pumps

the air out of the lower chamber. The molasses comes down through the sieve into the lower box, leaving the sugar above. So we have both sugar and molasses. They are then packed in great casks and barrels and sent to all parts of the world.

---

“God bless our native land!  
Firm may she ever stand  
Through storm and night!  
When the wild tempests rave,  
Ruler of wind and wave,  
Do thou our country save  
By thy great might.

“For her our prayer shall rise  
To God above the skies;  
On him we wait:  
Thou who art ever nigh,  
Guarding with watchful eye,  
To thee aloud we cry,  
God save the State.”

## 4.—CHRISTMAS TURKEY, AND HOW IT CAME.

## I.

“I know we couldn’t do it.”

“I say we could, if we all helped.”

“I’ve planned lots of ways; only you mustn’t laugh at them, and you mustn’t say a word to mother. I want it to be all a surprise.”

“She’ll find us out.”

“No, she won’t, if we tell her we won’t get into mischief.”

“Let’s hear your fine plans.”

“We must talk softly, or we shall wake father. He has a headache.”

A curious change came over the faces of the two boys as their sister lowered her voice, with a nod towards the half-open door.

They looked sad and ashamed, and Kitty sighed as she spoke, for all knew that father’s headaches always began with his coming home stupid and cross, with only a part of his wages.

They knew what it meant, but never spoke of it. They only pondered over it, and mourned with mother at the change

which was slowly altering their industrious father into a moody man.

Kitty was thirteen, and a very capable girl, who helped with the housekeeping, took care of the two little ones, and went to school. Tommy and Sammy looked up to her, and thought her a remarkably good sister.

"Well," began Kitty, "we all know that there won't be a bit of Christmas in this family if we don't make it. Mother is too busy, and father doesn't care. So we must see what we can do."

"So I say. I'm tired of fish and potatoes," said Sammy, the younger.

"But where's the dinner coming from?" asked Tommy.

"We'll earn it," said Kitty. "You, Tom, must go early to-morrow to Mr. Briskett and offer to carry baskets. He will be very busy, and will want you, I know; and you are so strong you can carry as much as some of the big fellows."

"What shall I do?" cried Sammy, while Tom sat turning this plan over in his mind.

"Take the old shovel and clean side-

walks. The snow came on purpose to help you."

"It's dreadful hard work, and the shovel's half gone," began Sammy, who preferred to spend his holiday coasting.

"I," continued Kitty, "have taken the hardest part of all; for after my work is done, and the babies safely settled, I am going to ask for some of the holly and pine that is swept out of the church, and make some wreaths, and sell them."

"If you can," put in Tommy, who had tried to sell pencils and had failed to make a fortune thereby.

"Not in the street?" cried Sammy, looking alarmed.

"Yes, at the corner of the Park. I am bound to make some money, and I don't see any other way. I shall put on an old hood and shawl, and no one will know me. I don't care if they do."

"I don't believe you will do it."

"See if I don't; for I will have a good dinner one day in the year."

For a moment the room was very still, as the snow beat on the window, and the fire-

light flickered over the six shabby little boots put on the stove hearth to dry.

Tommy's cheerful voice broke the silence, saying, stoutly, "Well, if I've got to work all day, I guess I'll go to bed early. We'll help all we can, and have a good time; see if we don't."

"I'll go out real early. Maybe I'll get a dollar. Would that buy a turkey?" asked Sammy, with the air of a millionaire.

"No, dear; one big enough for us would cost two, I'm afraid. Perhaps we'll have one sent us."

---

## 5.—CHRISTMAS TURKEY, AND HOW IT CAME.

### II.

Soon all three were fast asleep, and nothing but the whir of the sewing-machine broke the quiet that fell upon the house.

Then from the inner room a man came and sat over the fire, with his head in his hands and his eyes fixed on the ragged little boots left to dry. He had heard the children's talk; and his heart was very



heavy as he looked about the shabby room that used to be so neat and pleasant.

What he thought no one knows ; what he did we shall see by and by.

Bright and early the boys were away to their work. Kitty sang as she dressed the little sisters, put the house in order, and made her mother smile at the sly hints she gave of something which was going to happen.

Father was gone, and, though all rather dreaded evening, nothing was said. But each worked with a will, feeling that Christmas should be merry, in spite of poverty and care.

All day Tommy lugged fat turkeys, roasts of beef, and every sort of vegetable for other people's good dinners on the morrow.

"There, if you are not too tired, you can take one more load to that number, and a merry Christmas to you!" said Mr. Briskett, handing him the promised dollar, with something from the store.

"Thank you, sir ; good-night!" answered Tom, shouldering his last load, with a grateful smile, and trying not to look longingly at the poultry.

Sammy's adventures that day had been more successful, in the end, for Sammy was a most engaging fellow. He marched off with the remains of the old shovel, to seek his fortune.

The first two sidewalks were easy jobs. The third sidewalk was a fine long one, for the house stood on the corner, and two pavements must be cleared.

"It ought to be fifty cents; but perhaps they won't give me so much, I'm such a young fellow. I'll show them I can work, though, like a man;" and Sam rang the bell with the energy of a telegraph boy.

A bright silver dollar and a pocketful of gingerbread sent him off a rich and happy boy, to shovel and sweep till noon. Then he went home and proudly showed his earnings.

"Now, Sammy dear, I want you to take my place here this afternoon, for mother will have to take her work home, and I must sell wreaths."

"I'll give you some of my money, if you don't get a dollar; then we'll be even," said Sammy.

With thanks, Kitty left him to rest on the sofa, while the happy babies swarmed over him. Putting on a shabby hood and shawl, she slipped away to stand at the Park gate.

A nice old gentleman bought two, and his wife scolded him for getting such bad ones; but the money gave more happiness than any other he spent that day. A child took a ten-cent bunch of holly with its red berries, and there Kitty's market ended.

Hoping for better luck, she tried several other places, but the short afternoon was soon over, and the streets began to thin out.

"I must go home and get supper, anyway; and I'll hang these up in our own rooms, as I cannot sell them," said Kitty.

A smaller, shabbier girl than herself stood near, looking at the bunch of holly with wistful eyes. Glad to do to others as she wished some one would do to her, Kitty offered the only thing she had to give, saying, kindly, "You may have it; merry Christmas!" She ran away before the delighted child could thank her.

I am very sure that one of the spirits who

fly about at this season of the year saw the little act, made a note of it, and in about fifteen minutes rewarded Kitty for her sweet remembrance of the golden rule.

“There don’t seem to be any wreaths at these windows. Perhaps they would buy mine. I can’t bear to go home with so little for my share,” she said.

Kitty was just going up the steps, when two boys came round the corner, slipped on the icy pavement, and both went down with a crash.

---

## 6.—CHRISTMAS TURKEY, AND HOW IT CAME.

### III.

“Oh, my knee! my knee! it’s broken! I know it is!” wailed the small sufferer, as Kitty carried him up the steps, while his friend rang the door-bell.

It was like going into fairy-land, for the house was astir with a children’s Christmas party.

A pretty young girl came to meet Kitty, and listened to her story of the accident,

which proved to be less severe than at first appeared. Bertie, the injured party, forgot his pain at sight of the tree, and hopped up stairs so nimbly that every one laughed.

"He said his leg was broken, but I guess he's all right," said Kitty.

"Would you like to see our tree before the children come down?" asked the pretty girl.

"Oh, yes; I never saw anything so lovely. I'd like to tell the babies all about it."

"How many babies are there?" asked the pretty girl, as she led the way into the brilliant room.

Kitty told her, for the friendly atmosphere seemed to make them friends.

"I will buy your wreaths, for we haven't any," said the girl in silk, as Kitty told how she was just coming to offer them when the boys fell.

It was pretty to see how carefully the little hostess laid away the shabby garlands, and slipped a half-dollar into Kitty's hand.

It was prettier still to watch the sly way she tucked some bonbons, a red ball, a blue whip, two china dolls, two pairs of little

mitten, and some gilded nuts into an empty box for "the babies."

Prettiest of all was it to see the smiles and tears make April in Kitty's face as she tried to tell her thanks.

The world was all right when she got into the street again and ran home, feeling that at last she had something to make a merry Christmas of.

"I'm afraid I ought to keep my money for shoes," said Tommy. "I've walked the soles off these to-day, and I can't go to school barefoot."

"We've got a good dinner without a turkey, and perhaps we'd better not get it," added Kitty, with a sigh, as she remembered the blue knit hood, marked seventy-five cents, that she had seen in a shop-window.

"Oh, we must have a turkey! we worked so hard for it, and it's so like Christmas!" cried Sammy.

"You shall have a turkey, and there it is," said an unexpected voice, as a noble bird fell upon the table.

It was father's voice, and there stood father, looking as he used to look, kind

and happy. Mother was beside him, smiling as they had not seen her smile for months.

"I've been working to-day, as well as you, and you may keep your money for yourselves."

The children didn't know whether to laugh or to cry, till Kitty settled the question by saying, "We haven't any tree, so let's dance around our goodies, and be merry."

Then the tired feet in the old shoes forgot their weariness. Five happy little souls skipped gayly round the table, where, in the midst of all their treasures, earned and given, father's turkey proudly lay.

LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

---

### 7.—OVER AND OVER AGAIN.

Over and over again,

No matter which way I turn,  
I always find in the book of life

Some lesson I have to learn.

I must take my turn at the mill,

I must grind out the golden grain,

I must work at my task with a resolute will

Over and over again.

We cannot measure the need  
Of even the tiniest flower,  
Nor check the flow of golden sands  
That run through a single hour.  
But the morning dews must fall,  
And the sun and the summer rain  
Must do their part, and perform it all  
Over and over again.

Over and over again  
The brook through the meadow flows,  
And over and over again  
The ponderous mill-wheel goes.  
One doing will not suffice,  
Though doing be not in vain,  
And a blessing, failing us once or twice,  
May come if we try again.

The path that has once been trod  
Is never so rough to the feet ;  
And the lesson we once have learned  
Is never so hard to repeat.  
Though sorrowful tears may fall,  
And the heart to its depths be driven  
With storm and tempest, we need them all  
To render us meet for heaven.



## 8.—BLUNDER.

## I.

Blunder was going to the Wishing-Gate to wish for a pair of Shetland ponies and a little coach like Tom Thumb's.

Of course you can have your wish if you once get there. But the thing is to find it.

It is not a great gate with a sign over the top, like this :

WISHING-GATE.
---------------

It is just an old stile in a meadow. There are plenty of old stiles in meadows, and how are you to know which is the one ?

Blunder's fairy godmother knew, but then she could not tell him. She could only direct him to follow the road and ask the way of the first owl he met.

Over and over again she charged him ; for Blunder was a very careless little boy, and seldom found anything. " Be sure you don't miss him,—be sure you don't pass him by."

So far Blunder had come on very well, for the road was straight. Now it forked.

Should he go through the wood, or turn to the right?

There was an old owl nodding in a tall oak-tree, the first owl Blunder had seen. He was a little afraid to wake him up. The fairy godmother had told him that the owl sat up all night to study the habits of frogs and mice.

He could think of nothing better to say than, "Good Mr. Owl, will you please show me the way to the Wishing-Gate?"

"What's that?" cried the owl, starting out of his nap. "Have you brought me a frog?"

"No," said Blunder; "I did not know that you would like one. Can you tell me the way to the Wishing-Gate?"

"Wishing-Gate! Wishing-Gate!" hooted the owl, very angry. "Winks and naps! how dare you disturb me for such a thing as that? Do you take me for a mile-stone? Follow your nose, sir; follow your nose."

But how could Blunder follow his nose? His nose would turn to the right, or take him through the woods, whichever way his legs went. "What was the use of asking the owl," thought Blunder, "if this was all?"

A chipmunk came down the path, and, seeing Blunder, stopped short with a little squeak.

“Good Mrs. Chipmunk,” said Blunder, “can you tell me the way to the Wishing-Gate?”

“I can’t, indeed,” answered the chipmunk, politely. “But if you will follow the brook, you will find an old water-sprite under a slanting stone. He can tell you all about it.”

Blunder went on up the brook, but he saw nothing of the water-sprite, or of the slanting stone. He was just saying to himself, “I don’t know where he is,—I can’t find it,” when he spied a frog sitting on a wet stone.

“Mr. Frog,” asked Blunder, “can you tell me the way to the Wishing-Gate?”

“I cannot,” said the frog; “but in a pine-tree beyond, you will find an old crow. He can show you the way, for he is a great traveller.”

“I don’t know where the pine-tree is,—I am sure I can never find him,” answered Blunder. Still, he went on up the brook, till, hot and tired and out of patience, he sat down to rest.



AN EXERCISE FOR LANGUAGE.—No. 6.



## 9.—BLUNDER.

## II.

Looking about him, Blunder spied a morning-glory elf.

“Elf, do you know which is the way to the Wishing-Gate?”

“No,” said the elf; “I don’t know anything about geography. But if you keep on this path, you will meet the Dream-man. He is coming down from fairy-land, with his bag of dreams on his shoulder. If anybody can tell you about the Wishing-Gate, he can.”

“But how can I find him?” asked Blunder, more and more impatient.

“I don’t know, I am sure,” answered the elf, “unless you look for him.”

There was no help for it but to go on. Soon Blunder passed the Dream-man asleep under a witch-hazel. He had his bags of good and bad dreams laid over him to keep him from fluttering away.

But Blunder had a habit of not using his eyes. At home, when told to find anything, he always said, “I don’t know where it is,”

or, "I can't find it." Then his mother or sister went and found it for him.

He passed the Dream-man without seeing him. Then he went on till he stumbled on a Jack-o'-Lantern.

"Can you show me the way to the Wishing-Gate?" said Blunder.



"With pleasure," answered Jack. Catch-  
ing up his lantern, he set out at once.

Blunder followed close. In watching the ca  
lantern, he forgot to look to his feet, and th  
fell into a hole filled with black mud. int

"I say! the Wishing-Gate is not down ch

there," called out Jack, whisking off among the tree-tops.

"I can't come up there," sobbed Blunder.

"That is not my fault, then," answered Jack, merrily, dancing out of sight.

A very angry little boy was Blunder when he climbed out of the hole. "I don't know where it is," he said, crying; "I can't find it, and I'll go straight home."

Just then he stepped on an old, moss-grown, rotten stump. It was a wood-goblin's chimney. Blunder fell through, headlong, in among the pots and pans in which the goblin's cook was cooking the goblin's supper.

The old goblin was asleep up-stairs. He started up in a fright at the clash and clatter. Finding that his house was not tumbling down about his ears, he stumped down to the kitchen, to see what was the matter. The cook heard him coming, and tried to hide Blunder.

"Quick!" cried she. "If my master catches you, he will have you in a pie. In the next room stands a pair of shoes. Jump into them, and they will take you up the chimney."



Off flew Blunder, and burst open the door of the room, in one corner of which stood the shoes. Of course he could not see them, because he was not in the habit of using his eyes.

"I can't find them! Oh, I can't find them!" sobbed poor little Blunder, running back to the cook.

"Run into the closet," said the cook.

Blunder made a dash at the window. "I don't know where it is!" he called out.

Clump! clump! That was the goblin half-way down the stairs.

"Goodness gracious mercy me!" exclaimed cook. "He is coming! The boy will be eaten in spite of me. Jump into the meal-chest."

"I don't see it," squeaked Blunder, rushing towards the fireplace. "Where is it?"

Clump! clump! That was the goblin at the foot of the stairs. He was coming towards the kitchen door.

"There is an invisible cloak hanging on that peg. Get into that," cried the cook.



## 10.—BLUNDER.

## III.

Blunder could no more see the cloak than he could see the shoes, the closet, and the coal-chest. But he caught his foot in it, and tumbled down, pulling the cloak over him. There he lay, hardly daring to breathe.

“What was all this noise about?” asked the goblin, coming into the kitchen.

“Only my pans, master,” answered the cook. As he could see nothing amiss, the old goblin went grumbling up-stairs again.

The shoes took Blunder up the chimney, and landed him in a meadow, safe enough,

but so miserable. He was cross, he was disappointed, he was hungry.

It was dark, and he did not know the way home. Seeing an old stile, he climbed up, and sat down on the top of it. He was too tired to stir.

Just then along came the South Wind, with his pockets full of showers. As he was going Blunder's way, he took Blunder home.

The boy was glad, but he would have liked it better if the wind had not laughed all the way.

"What are you laughing at?" asked Blunder, at last.

"At two things that I saw in my travels," answered the Wind—"a hen that died of starvation sitting on an empty peck-measure that stood in front of a bushel of grain, and a little boy who sat on top of the Wishing-Gate and came home because he could not find it."

"What? what's that?" cried Blunder; but just then he found himself at home. There sat his fairy godmother by the fire.

Everybody else cried, "What luck?" and, "Where is the Wishing-Gate?" but she sat mum.

“I don’t know where it is,” answered Blunder. “I couldn’t find it.”

“Poor boy!” said his mother, kissing him. His sister ran to bring some bread and milk.

“Now hear my story,” cried his godmother. “There was once a little boy who must needs go to the Wishing-Gate. His fairy godmother showed him the road as far as the turn, and told him to ask the first owl he met, what to do then.

“This little boy seldom used his eyes, so he passed the first owl, and waked up the wrong owl. He passed the water-sprite, and found only a frog. He sat down under the pine-tree, and never saw the crow.

“He passed the Dream-man, and ran after Jack-o’-Lantern. He tumbled down the goblin’s chimney, and couldn’t find the shoes, and the closet, and the chest, and the cloak. He sat on top of the Wishing-Gate till the South Wind brought him home, and never knew it.”

Away went the fairy godmother up the chimney, in such disgust that she did not even stop for her mouse-skin cloak.

## 11.—THE LITTLE MATCH-BOY.

One very cold day, not long ago, in Edinburgh, two gentlemen were standing at the door of a hotel. A little boy with a thin blue face, his feet bare and red with the cold, and with nothing to cover him but a bundle of rags, came to them and said, "Please, sir, buy some matches?"

"No, I don't want any," answered one of the gentlemen.

"But they are only a penny a box," pleaded the poor little fellow.

"Yes, but, you see, we don't want a box," the gentleman said again.

"Then I will give you two boxes for a penny," the boy said, at last.

"So, to get rid of him," said the gentleman to me, "I bought a box. Then, finding I had no change, I said to him, 'I will buy a box to-morrow.'

"'Oh, please buy them to-night,' the boy pleaded again: 'I will run and get you the change, for I am very hungry.'"

"So I gave him the shilling, and he started away. I waited for him, but no boy came.

I thought I had lost my shilling: still, there was something in the boy's face I trusted, and I did not like to think bad of him.

"Late in the evening I was told that a little boy wanted to see me. I found, when he was brought in, it was a smaller brother of the boy who took my shilling, but, if possible, still more ragged and poor.

"He stood a moment, diving into his rags as if he were seeking something, and then said, 'Are you the gentleman who bought the matches from Sandy?'

"'Yes.'

"'Well, then, here are fourpence out of your shilling. Sandy cannot come; he's very sick. A cart ran over him and knocked him down.

"'He lost his cap and matches and sevenpence of your money. Both his legs were broken, and the doctor says he'll die, and—that's all.'

"I fed the little fellow, and then went with him to see Sandy. I found that the two children lived almost alone, for their father and mother were dead.

"Poor Sandy was lying on a bundle of

shavings. He knew me as soon as I went in, and said, 'I got the change, sir, and was coming back, but the horse knocked me down, and both of my legs are broken! Oh, Reuby! little Reuby! I'm sure I'm dying, and who will take care of you when I am gone? What will you do, Reuby?'

"Then I took him by the hand, and said I would always take care of Reuby. He understood me, and had just strength enough to look up to me as if to thank me. Then the light went out of the blue eyes. In a moment,

"He lay within the light of God,  
Like a babe upon the breast,  
Where the wicked cease from troubling  
And the weary are at rest."

That story is like an arrow in the hand of a giant. It ought to pierce many a heart, old and young.

Whenever, dear children, you are tempted to say what is not true, or to be unkind to other boys and girls, or to take what you ought not to take, remember little Sandy.

This poor little boy, lying on a bundle of

shavings, dying and starving, was tender, trusty, and true. So God told the gentleman to take poor little friendless Reuben and be a friend to him. Sandy heard him say he would do it—the last thing he ever did hear.

Then the dark room, the bundle of shavings, the weary, broken limbs, all faded away, and Sandy was with the angels.

They could look at him in his new home, and say one to another, “That is the little boy who kept his word and sent back fourpence. He was tender, trusty, and true, when he was hungry and faint, when both his legs were broken, and he lay dying.”

This story is told you now because, whether you find it hard or easy, we want you to be tender and trusty and true as poor little Sandy was, who did not forget his promise, and who loved his little brother to the end.

DEAN STANLEY.

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“How far that little candle throws its beams!  
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.”



## 12.—HIGHER, WILL WE CLIMB.

Higher, higher will we climb  
Up the mount of glory,  
That our names may live through time  
In our country's story :  
Happy, when her welfare calls,  
He who conquers, he who falls.  
Deeper, deeper let us toil  
In the mines of knowledge ;  
Nature's wealth and Learning's spoil  
Win from school and college :  
Delve we there for richer gems  
Than the stars of diadems.  
Onward, onward may we press  
Through the path of duty ;  
Virtue is true happiness,  
Excellence true beauty :  
Minds are of celestial birth,  
Make we then a heaven of earth.  
Closer, closer let us knit  
Hearts and hands together,  
Where our fireside comforts sit  
In the wildest weather :  
Oh, they wander wide who roam  
For the joys of life from home !



### 13.—THE WIDOW'S TWO DAUGHTERS.

#### I.

A widow had two daughters: one was beautiful and industrious, the other idle and ugly. The ugly one the mother loved best, because she was her own child. She cared so little for the other that she made her do all the work, and be quite a Cinderella in the house.

The poor maiden was obliged to go every day and seat herself by the side of a well which stood in the broad high-road. Here she had to sit and spin till her fingers bled.

One day when the spindle was so covered with blood that she could not use it, she rose and dipped it in the water of the well to wash it. While she was doing so, it slipped from her hand and fell to the bottom. In terror and tears, she ran and told her step-mother what had happened.

The woman scolded her in the most violent manner. "As you have let the spindle fall into the water," she said, "you may go in and bring it out, for I will not buy another."

The maiden went back to the well, and, hardly knowing what she was about, threw herself into the water.

When her senses returned, she found herself in a beautiful meadow, on which the sun was brightly shining and where thousands of flowers were growing.

She walked a long way across this meadow, till she came to a baker's oven, which was full of new bread. The loaves cried, "Ah, pull us out, pull us out, or we shall burn, we have been so long baking!"

Then she stepped near to the oven, and with the bread-shovel took the loaves all out.

She walked on after this, and presently came to a tree full of apples. The tree cried, "Shake me, shake me; my apples are all quite ripe."

She shook the tree till the fruit fell around her like rain and there was not one more left upon it. She gathered the apples into one large heap, and went on farther.

At last she came to a small house, and, looking earnestly at it, she saw an old woman peeping out. Her teeth were so large that the girl was quite frightened, and turned to run away.

But the old woman cried after her, "What dost thou fear, dear child? Come and live with me, and do the work in the house, and I will make you so happy.

"You must, however, take care to make my bed well. You must shake it with energy, for then the feathers will fly about, and in the world they will say it snows. I am Mother Holle."

As the old woman talked in this kind manner, she won the maiden's heart. She readily agreed to enter her service.

She took care to shake up the bed well,

so that the feathers might fly like snow-flakes. Therefore she led a very happy life with Mother Holle. She had plenty to eat and drink, and never heard an angry word.

After she had stayed a long time with the kind old woman, she began to feel sad. She could not explain why, till at last she discovered that she was homesick. It seemed to her a thousand times better to go home than to stay with Mother Holle.

The longing grew so strong that at last she was obliged to speak.

“Dear Mother Holle,” she said, “you have been very kind to me, but I have such a sorrow in my heart that I cannot stay here any longer. I must return to my own people.”

Then said Mother Holle, “I am pleased to hear that you are longing to go home. As you have served me so well, I will show you the way myself.”

She took her by the hand and led her to a broad gate-way. The gate was open, and as the young girl passed through, there fell upon her a shower of gold. It clung to her

dress, and remained hanging to it, so that she was covered with gold from head to foot.

“That is your reward for having been so industrious,” said the old woman. As she spoke, she placed in her hand the spindle which had fallen into the well.

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#### 14.—THE WIDOW'S TWO DAUGHTERS.

##### II.

The great gate was then closed, and the maiden found herself once more in the world, and not far from her step-mother's house.

As she entered the farm-yard, a cock perched on the wall crowed loudly, and cried, “Our golden lady has come home, I see.”

She went in to her mother, and, because she was covered with gold, both the mother and sister welcomed her kindly.

When the mother heard how the wealth had been gained, she was anxious that her own idle daughter should try her fortune in the same way.

So she made her go and sit on the well and spin. The girl, who wanted riches without working for them, did not spin fast enough to make her fingers bleed.

She pricked her finger, and pushed her hand in the thorn bushes, till at last a few spots of blood dropped on the spindle.

When she saw the spots, she let it drop into the water, and sprung in after it herself. Just as her sister had done, she found herself in a beautiful meadow. She walked for some distance along the same path, till she came to the baker's oven.

She heard the loaves cry, "Pull us out, pull us out, or we shall burn, we have been here so long baking."

But the idle girl answered, "No, indeed, I have no wish to soil my hands with your dirty oven;" and so she walked on till she came to the apple-tree.

"Shake me, shake me," it cried, "for my apples are all quite ripe."

"I don't agree to that at all," she replied, "for some of the apples might fall on my head;" and as she spoke she walked lazily on farther.

When she at last stood before the door of Mother Holle's house, she had no fear of her great teeth, for she had heard all about them from her sister. She walked right up to the old woman and offered to be her servant.

Mother Holle accepted the offer of her services. For a whole day the young girl was very industrious and did everything that was told her. She thought of the gold that was to be poured upon her.

But on the second day she gave way to her laziness, and on the third it was worse. Several days passed, and she would not get up in the morning at a proper hour. The bed was never made or shaken up so that the feathers could fly about.

At last Mother Holle was quite tired of her, and said she must go away, that her services were not wanted any more.

The lazy girl was quite overjoyed at going. She thought the golden rain was sure to come when Mother Holle led her to the gate. But as she passed under it, a large kettle full of pitch was upset over her.

"That is the reward of your service,"



said the old woman as she shut the gate. The idle girl walked home with the pitch sticking all over her. As she entered the court, the cock on the wall cried out,—

“Our pitchy young lady has come home, I see.”

The pitch stuck closely, and hung all about her hair and her clothes, and, do what she would, so long as she lived it would never come off.

GRIMM.

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#### 15.—ROBINSON CRUSOE'S PETS.

Here I was lord of the whole island; in fact, had I pleased, I might have called myself a king; for there was no one to dispute my right.

I had wood with which I might have built a great many ships, and I had grapes, if not corn, enough to have loaded them with. I had fish, and fowls, and wild goats, and hares, and other game.

Still, I was a long way out of the course of ships. Oh, how wretched seemed my fate

thus to be cast on this lonely spot, with no one to love, no one to make me laugh, no one to make me weep, no one to make me think!

It was dull to wander along day by day, from the wood to the shore, and from the shore back to the wood, and ponder over my own thoughts all the while.

So much for the sad view of my case; but, like most other things, it had a bright side as well as a dark one.

In the first place, here I was safe on land, while all the rest of the ship's crew were lost. And then the great joy I had felt when, weak and bruised, I climbed up the cliffs out of the reach of the sea, came back to me.

But what led me most to give up my dull thoughts, and not even so much as look out for a sail, were my four pets. These were two cats, a parrot, and a dog. I had brought the two cats and the dog from the ship.

You may easily understand how very fond I was of my pets; for they were all the friends left to me on this desolate island. My dog sat at meals with me, with one cat

on each side of me, on stools, and we had Poll to talk to us.

When the rain kept me in-doors, it was good fun to teach Poll to talk ; but so silent were all things round me, that the sound of my own voice made me start.

Once, when quite worn out after a long, weary walk, I lay down in the shade and fell asleep. You may judge what a start I gave, when a voice woke me out of my sleep, and called my name three times.

A voice in this wild place ! To call me by my name, too ! Then the voice said, " Robin Crusoe, Robin Crusoe, poor Robin Crusoe ! Where are you ? Where have you been ? How came you here ? "

As soon as I opened my eyes and looked about, I saw Poll sitting on a branch of a tree near me. I knew at once that it was he that had spoken to me, for these were the very words I had taught him.

I held out my hand and called him by his name, " Poll," upon which he flew down and sat on my thumb, as was his habit, still talking to me : so I carried him home with me.

DANIEL DEFOE.



AN EXERCISE FOR LANGUAGE.—No. 7.



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16.—SUNSHINE, AND HER BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

I.

Once upon a time there was a very wise old spirit called Mother Nature. She lived in a beautiful place, and had a large family of children, whom she found rather hard to manage.

Sunshine, the eldest girl, was a sweet creature, always good, and a great comfort to her mother at all seasons. So were South Wind and West Wind nice little girls; but Lightning, Thunder's twin sister, was very naughty, and liked to do mischief.

Snow, the fourth daughter, was a cold, quiet spirit, fond of covering up the world with the nice white sheets she kept folded away in the sky.

Rain was always crying, East Wind sulking, Thunder and Hail scolding and growling. North Wind, the biggest of the boys, went roaring about so fiercely that every one ran before him, though his breath blew away much rubbish, which his gentle sisters could not manage as they kept house.

“Now, my dears, I’m very tired, and am going to take a nap, so be good children ; do your tasks nicely, and wake me in March,” said Mother Nature, one November day, when her summer work was over, and her time for rest had come.

“Yes, mamma,” said Sunshine, as she tucked her up with a kiss. “I will do my best to keep the girls busy and the boys in order. Have a good sleep, and I’ll call you in time for the spring work.”

Then the old lady tied her night-cap over her ears, and dozed off quite comfortably. Her good daughter went to her spinning, that there might be plenty of sunshine for the next summer.

“It’s my turn now, and I’ll cry as much as I like, for mother isn’t here to stop me, and Sunny can’t,” said Rain ; and down came floods of tears.

His brother, East Wind, began to blow till every one shivered, and coughs and colds and fog and mud made the world a dismal place.

Sunny begged them to stop and give her a chance now and then, but they would not.

Everybody said what a dreadful month November was that year.

Fortunately, it was soon time for North Wind and his favorite sister Snow to come back from Iceland. The moment the older brother's loud voice was heard, Rain and East Wind ran and hid, for they were rather afraid of him.

"We'll soon have it nice and tidy for Christmas," said North Wind. He dried up the mud, blew away the fog, and got the world ready for Snow to cover with her beautiful down quilt. In a day or two it looked like a fairy world.

Sunshine peeped out to do her part, making the ice on the trees glitter like diamonds and the snowy drifts shine like silver, and filling the blue sky full of light.

Then every one rejoiced; bells jingled merrily, and children coasted and snow-balled. Christmas-trees began to grow, and all faces to glow as they never do at any other time.

"The holidays shall be pleasant if I can only keep those bad boys in a good humor," said Sunny. To make sure of them she fed



Rain and East Wind on plum-cake with poppy-seeds in it, so they slept like dormice till the New Year was born.

Snow had her frolics, and no one minded, because she was so pretty. North Wind was so amiable just then that the white storms only made fine sleighing. The fresh air kept cheeks rosy, eyes sparkling, lips laughing, and hearts happy as they should be at that blessed season.

Sunshine was so pleased that she came out to see the fun, and smiled so warmly that a January thaw set in.

“Dear me!” said she, “I forgot that I must not be too generous at this season. Though people enjoy my pleasant days, they leave off their furs and get cold. I’ll go back to my spinning and only smile through the window: then no harm will be done.”

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17.—SUNSHINE, AND HER BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

II.

Thunder and Lightning had been in Italy all this time, and they too got into mischief. Their mother had shut the twins up in a

volcano to keep them out of the way till summer, when they were useful.

Down there they found playmates to suit them, and had fine times rumbling and boiling, and sending out hot lava and showers of ashes to scare the people who lived near by.

Growing tired of this, they at last planned to get up an earthquake and escape. So they kicked and shook the world, like children tumbling about under the bedclothes. Thunder growled, and Lightning flew about trying to get the lid of the volcano off.

At last she did, and out they all burst with such a dreadful noise that the poor people thought the end of the world had come. Towns fell down, hills moved, the sea came up on the shore, and ashes and stones covered up a whole city.

“There! wasn’t that a fine frolic? Mother won’t dare to shut us up again, I fancy, when she sees what a piece of work we make for her,” said naughty Lightning. Then she peeped through the smoke at the sad scene below.

“Grand fun! but if Sunshine wakes mother we shall wish we had not done it.

Let's run away and hide till this is all forgotten," answered Thunder, rather ashamed of such a dreadful prank.

So they flew off, leaving great sorrow behind them; but Sunshine did not wake mamma, though West Wind came home to tell her all about it.

There was trouble here also, for Rain and East Wind had waked up, and were very angry to find they had been dosed with poppy-seeds.

"Now we'll pay Sunny for that, and turn everything topsy-turvy," they said; and, calling Hail, they went to work.

Rain emptied all his water-buckets till the rivers rose and flooded the towns. The snow on the hills melted and covered the fields, washed away the railroads, carried off houses, and drowned many poor animals. Hail pelted with his stones, and East Wind blew cold and shrill till there was no comfort anywhere.

Poor Sunny was at her wits' end with all these troubles; but she would not wake her mother, and tried to manage her brothers alone.

While Sunny shone so sweetly that Rain

had to stop crying, West tugged at the weather-cocks till she made East give way and let her blow for a while.

He was out of breath and had to yield: so the "bad spell of weather" was over. The poor, half-drowned people could get dry, and fish their furniture out of the flood, and moor their floating houses at last.

Sunny kept on smiling till she dried up the ground. West sent fresh gales to help her, and by March things looked much better.

"Now, do be good children, and let us get ready for the spring cleaning before mother wakes. I don't know what she will say to the boys, but I've done my best, and I hope she will be pleased with me," said Sunshine, when at last she sat down to rest a moment, tired out.

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### 18.—SUNSHINE, AND HER BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

#### III.

All the brothers and sisters, except the naughty twins, promised to be very good. They loved Sunshine, and were sorry for their pranks.

Each tried to help her, and March was a very busy month, for all the winds blew in turn. Even gentle South, from far away, came home to do her part.

Snow folded up her down quilts and packed them away; Rain dropped a few quiet showers to swell the buds and green the grass; and Sunny began to shake out the golden webs of light she had been spinning all winter.

Every one worked so well that April found that part of the world in fine order. When South Wind blew open the first hyacinths, Mother Nature smelt them, and began to rub her eyes and wake up.

“Bless me, how I’ve slept! Why didn’t you rouse me sooner, dear? Ah, my good child! I see you have tried to do my work and get all ready for me,” said the old lady, throwing away her night-cap, and peeping out of the window at the spring world budding everywhere.

Then, sitting in her mother’s lap, Sunny told all her trials. At some, Mamma Nature laughed, at others she frowned. When it came to the earthquake and the flood, she

looked very sober, saying, as she stroked her daughter's bright hair,—

“My darling, I can't explain these things to you, and I don't always understand why they happen. You know we have only to obey the King's orders and leave the rest to him. He will punish my naughty children if he sees fit, and reward my good ones. I shall leave them to him, and go cheerfully on with my own work.

“That is the only way to keep our lovely world in order and be happy. Now call your brothers and sisters, and we will have our spring frolic together.”

They all came, and had a merry time; for, as every one knows, April has every kind of weather. Each had a turn, to show what he or she could do.

By May-day, things were in a fine trim, though East Wind would nip the May queen's little nose, and all Sunny's efforts could only coax out a few hardy dandelions for the eager hands to pick.

But the children were happy, for spring had come. Mother Nature was awake again, and now all would be well with the world.

## 19.—THE KING AND THE LOCUSTS.

## I.

A certain king was very fond of hearing stories told. To this amusement he devoted all his time ; yet he was never satisfied. The more he heard the more he wanted to hear.

At length he gave out word that if any man would tell him a story that would last forever, he would give him the princess, his daughter, in marriage, and make him heir to his kingdom.

But if any one should pretend that he had such a story, and should fail,—that is, if the story did come to an end,—he was to lose his head.

For such a rich prize as a beautiful princess and a kingdom, many wanted to try ; and very long stories some of them told. Some lasted a week, some a month, and some six months.

Poor fellows ! they spun them out as long as they possibly could, you may be sure ; but all in vain. Sooner or later, each came to an end, and one after another the unlucky story-tellers had to lose their heads.

Finally there came a man who said that he had a story that would last forever, if the king would give him a trial.

He was warned of the danger, and was told how many others had lost their heads, but he said he was not afraid. So he was brought before the king. After making all necessary arrangements for his eating, drinking, and sleeping, he thus began his story:

“O king, there was once a king who was a great tyrant. Desiring to increase his riches, he seized upon all the corn and grain in the kingdom. This he put into an immense granary, which he had built on purpose, as high as a mountain.

“This he did for several years, until the granary was full, even to the top. He then stopped up the doors and windows, and closed it fast on all sides. But the bricklayers, by accident, had left a small hole near the top of the granary.

“Soon there came a flight of locusts. They tried to get at the corn, but the hole was so small that only one locust could pass through it at a time.

“So one locust went in and carried off



one grain of corn; and then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn; and then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn; and then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn; and then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn; and then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn——”

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## 20.—THE KING AND THE LOCUSTS.

### II.

He went on thus from morning till night (except while engaged at his meals, or sleeping) for about a month. The king, though patient, began to be rather tired of the locusts.

So he interrupted him with, “Well, well, we have had enough of the locusts. We will suppose they have helped themselves to all the corn they wanted: tell what happened afterwards.”

The story-teller answered very deliberately, “If it please your majesty, it is impossible to tell you what happened afterwards before

I have told you what happened first." So he went on again :

" And then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn ; and then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn ; and then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn——"

The king listened with wonderful patience for six months more, when he again interrupted him with, " O friend, I am weary of your locusts. How soon do you think they will have done ?"

To which the story-teller made answer, " O king, who can tell ? At the time to which my story has come, the locusts have cleared away a small place, it may be a cubit, each way, around the inside of the hole. The air is still dark with locusts on all sides ; but let the king have patience. No doubt we shall come to the end of them in time."

Thus encouraged, the king listened for another full year, the story-teller going on as before :

" And then another locust went in and

carried off another grain of corn; and then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn; and then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn; and then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn"——till at last the poor king could bear it no longer.

He cried out, "O man, that is enough! Take my daughter! take my kingdom! take anything—take everything! only let us hear no more of those dreadful locusts!"

So the story-teller was married to the king's daughter, and was made heir to the throne. Nobody wished to hear the rest of the story.

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"It is a blessed thing to be  
Young and strong, and blithe and free,  
Ne'er to have felt the touch of pain,  
Life pulsing rich through every vein,  
With merry laugh and shout to play,  
Made happy by one sunny day!"

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## 21.—THE VIOLETS.

## I.

One morning Mary was wakened early by the sound of rushing waters. She ran to the window, which her mother had already opened to let in the warm sweet air of the spring morning.

Earth's snowy mantle had vanished. The weather had been quite mild for a few days, and a warm rain had fallen in the night and swept the snow all away.

Mary could no longer see where the pretty brook tumbled merrily over the rocks in summer-time, singing as it went.

She could not even see the meadow through which it used to run. In the place of it stood a large lake studded with trees. The river had overflowed its banks, and covered all the fields in the valley.

Yesterday the brook and the river were chained fast by the ice. But the Spirit of the Wind had breathed upon their fetters, and to-day all was life and music.

The rushing waters spoke from every hill,

as they poured into the valley, and swept wildly through the meadow-land.

They told Mary these were the same fields she had seen covered with snow the day before, and that when they were gone the grass would grow and the flowers bloom.

They told her how grateful they were to the Sun and the South Wind for breaking their chains.

They told of their home, the great ocean to which they were rushing, and how the Sun would draw them up into the clouds again, and let them fall upon the meadows in soft summer showers.

They promised to come when the grass should be dry and parched, and the flowers thirsting for refreshment. And they told Mary not to be frightened if they should come with loud thunder and bright lightning, for these would cool the hot air and open the doors for fresh breezes.

For many days nothing was to be heard but the merry song of the waters. One pleasant afternoon Mary went out with her mother, and they opened the little gate at the bottom of the garden and walked into the meadow.

The river had returned to its bed. The brook was now tumbling over the rocks, and gliding through the grass, which already looked green. The buds of the vines were just bursting into leaves.



On every side the blue Violets were peeping through the grass. Mary shouted for joy. "Oh, here they are, all blooming ready for me!" cried the little girl.

"Mother, do you think they will tell me a story?" And she threw herself upon the ground to catch the first accents of the flower-speech.

A little blue-eyed Violet looked up into Mary's eyes, and thought two large and beautiful Violets were looking down into hers. She was half hidden in the brown grass of the former year, but she seemed to be happy in that lowly place.

She did not envy her gay companions the Anemones, who were dancing in the soft wind, with their pink and white garments on.

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## 22.—THE VIOLETS.

### II.

"I can tell you nothing," said the modest Violet, "but what happens down here in the grass. Many days ago, the warm beams of my father the Sun waked me from the sleep of the long winter night.

"When the snow melted, and the warm rain reached my roots, I breakfasted upon the sweet waters, and prepared to dress myself for this happy day.

"I am glad to see the new blades of grass begin to shoot up. These stiff brown ones of last year are not so fragrant nor so polite

as the tender green ones, which yield to the pressure of my leaves. I only wish to have room to look up at the Sun and the blue sky.

“How loving you look, dear little girl! I should like to tell you everything in my heart, if you would like to hear it. The butterflies and the bees often come to see me, and I like them very much; but they never have time to listen to anything I have to tell.

“If I could talk in such language as your eyes speak to me, how much I could tell you of the warm Sun and the soft winds that have called me out of the bosom of the dark Earth!

“I believe you know some of my cousins, for the bees have told me that there are a great many Pansies in your mother’s garden. They like to live in that fine place, but I would rather stay here in the grass with the Anemones.

“The bees come here to sip honey from my lips, for they are often driven from the garden. Why are they driven from the garden?”

“Because they sting,” said little Mary.



“Do they?” said the Violet; “and what is that?”

“They hurt people,” said Mary.

“They never hurt me,” said the Violet. “Perhaps they are obliged to sting, if people hurt them, for they are so small that they would easily be killed if they did not defend themselves.

“They have a great deal of work to do, and if they hurt any one, I think it must be because they wish to finish it.”

“Yes,” said Mary; “God gave them their sting to defend themselves, and they never use it for any other purpose.

“The point is so fine that we cannot see the end of it unless it is put under a glass which makes things look hundreds of times larger than they really are. The bees never hurt me, for I do not touch them.”

“If any one should hurt me,” said the Violet, “I could not defend myself.”

Mary thought it would be very cruel to hurt such a beautiful, sweet creature, but before she could answer, the Violet seemed to have forgotten that there was any danger in the world.

## 23.—THE VIOLETS.

## III.

“Has my cousin Heart’s-ease bloomed yet?” asked the Violet. “I should rather know her than any of the Pansies.

“I once heard your mamma talking of a cold country far away from here, called Siberia. Many people are sent there from their pleasant homes by a cruel king, who punishes them for being rich and good.

“She told a story of a noble daughter, who walked more than a thousand miles in that cold country, to ask the king to let her father return to his happy home. It was a very beautiful story.

“She said that the father of that good daughter would often twine my cousin Heart’s-ease into the garlands he wove for his daughter’s brow. I wish I could have been there, to speak to him of the valleys of his native land, where Violets grow.

“I have more than twenty cousins in America. We grow in Asia, too, in the Holy Land where Abraham lived. Some of my cousins grow in the palm groves of Africa.

“The children of that land are not so happy as you are, but they love flowers, and wear us in garlands round their heads. When they give us to one another they mean to say, ‘I shall love you always.’

“My cousin who lives in England keeps all her sweet fragrance to herself in the daytime. At evening she sheds it upon the dewy air, and the nightingales come and perch upon the bushes near her. They thank her with such sweet songs that all the flowers wake to listen.

“I see you are looking at my green leaves. They are spoon-shaped, to catch the falling drops of rain or dew. Violets first grew upon highlands where no brooks watered their roots, and we are provided with these to catch moisture from the air.”

At that moment the sun sunk behind the hill, and the lowly flower drooped her head and ceased speaking. If Mary had been asked then what flower she should like to be, she would surely have said a Violet, so tenderly did the modest beauty and sweet fragrance and heavenly color speak to her heart.

But the bright blue Day was fast turning pale at the approach of dark-robed Night. The flowers were folding their robes for slumber.

As Mary turned homeward, her mother said, "I hope my daughter will be like that modest flower who never thinks of herself, but remembers all the goodness of others. Then every one will love my daughter as well as she loves the blue Violets."

MRS. HORACE MANN.

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"Oh that folk would well consider  
What it is to lose a name,  
What this world is altogether,  
If bereft of honest fame!

Poverty ne'er brings dishonor,  
Hardship ne'er breeds sorrow's smart,  
If bright conscience takes upon her  
To shed sunshine round the heart."

## 24.—WHERE SHALL WE WALK?

Where the pools are bright and deep,  
Where the gray trout lies asleep,  
Up the river and over the lea,—  
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the blackbird sings the latest,  
Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest,  
Where the nestlings chirp and flee,—  
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the mowers mow the cleanest,  
Where the hay lies thickest, greenest,  
There to trace the homeward bee,—  
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the hazel bank is steepest,  
Where the shadow lies the deepest,  
Where the clustering nuts fall free,—  
That's the way for Billy and me.

There let us walk, there let us play,  
Through the meadow, among the hay,  
Up the water and over the lea,—  
That's the way for Billy and me.

JAMES HOGG.



AN EXERCISE FOR LANGUAGE.—No. 8.



## 25.—THE STORY OF THE SALT.

## I.

You might contrive to live without either tea or coffee, as people were obliged to do in years gone by, but what would you do without salt?

What would become of your nice relishing dishes, if salt did not season them? They would taste no better than the white of eggs.

Nay, you would not have those rosy cheeks, nor be able to scamper about from morning till night as you do now. You would be pale and sickly, and I hardly think you could live without the little harmless doses of salt you are always taking in some form or other.

In some parts of the world the cattle and the deer come a long way to get a taste of salt. The salt is in some well or spring that bubbles up among the grass. The water leaves it behind like a crust on the stones that may chance to be lying about; and the grass all round tastes very much of salt.

The place is called a "salt-lick," because



the cattle keep licking at the stones. They are sure to find their way to the salt-lick, even though they live miles away. And they keep cropping the grass, and licking the salt, till they have had enough, and then they go home again.

They make a path on the grass with their hoofs, and quite tread it down. The hunter knows what the path means the moment he sees it, and he lies in wait with his gun. The poor deer is sure to come before long, and then the hunter shoots it.

The man who owns the salt-lick very often begins to bore down into the ground. He thinks he may find a salt-mine, or at least a way under ground that leads to one, and then he can get quite rich and become a person of importance.

A man once came to a salt-lick and tasted the water. He found it was all right, and that when he boiled some in a kettle and let it get cold there was a crust of salt at the bottom.

He was highly delighted, and bought the land, and set people at work to bore. But, alas! there was no salt to be found any-

where. A cunning hunter had put salt into the spring, and sprinkled it on the grass, to entice the deer and make them believe the place was a salt-lick. And so the poor man had spent his money for nothing!

In some places the salt-licks are very far apart, and the cattle can hardly ever get to them. The cattle have plenty of food, and large rich pastures to browse in; but they long for salt, and there is none for them.

Once a fortnight their master lets them come home to the farm, and gives each of them a bit of salt. The cows and horses know the right day, and they set off at full gallop to the farm. The farmer is quite ready for them; and when they have had their salt they trot back again to the fields, as contented as possible.

In Norway, when the farmer's wife goes out with her maidens to collect her cows and have them milked, she takes a bowl of salt in her hand. The moment the cows see it, they come running up from all parts of the field, as if asking for some. Their mistress gives each of them a large spoonful, and expects them to be satisfied.

But sometimes a cow is greedy, and wants more, and keeps pressing to the bowl until she becomes quite troublesome; then the mistress gives her a box on the ears with the wooden spoon, to teach her better manners.

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## 26.—THE STORY OF THE SALT.

### II.

There is a desert in Africa where the ground underfoot is not sand, but salt. It is called the "Salt Desert." The salt sparkles in the sun with such crystal whiteness that people who travel upon it are almost blinded.

Because salt is so useful and necessary, it is found in great abundance. The great wide sea could not keep sweet and fresh without salt. People put the sea-water in shallow pans, and let the sun dry it up. The salt found at the bottom of these pans is called "bay salt," and is very bitter.

But the salt makes its way from the sea by all kinds of secret paths under the ground, and then it is found in places called "mines." This is named "rock salt."

The mine is like a great deep cavern, and has tall pillars of salt to hold up the roof. The roof, and the walls, and the pillars glitter as though they were covered with precious stones.

When any person of consequence comes to visit the mine, the men who are at work make a great illumination. They stick torches here and there as thickly as they can, and then light them up, so that the place looks like a fairy palace.

The mine I am speaking of is in Poland, and it is not a very pleasant place to be let down. The person is let down in a hammock by means of a rope; and he goes down, down, a very long way. When he stops, he is not at his journey's end; for he has to get out of his hammock, and go along a pathway that descends lower and lower, till it reaches the mine.

The pathway is sometimes cut into steps, like a great wide staircase, and glitters with the light of the torches that the miners carry in their hands. The road leads through a great chamber or room where a thousand people might dine.

When a traveller reaches the mine he finds himself in a country under ground, such as perhaps he had no idea of before.

There is neither sun nor sky. But there are cross-roads with horses and carriages going along them. And there are crowds of men, women, and children, who live always in the mine. Some of the children have lived there all their lives, and have never seen the daylight.

Most of the horses, when once taken down, do not come up again. There are numbers of caverns, little and big, some of which are made into stables; and the horses are kept there.

The roofs of the caverns are supported on pillars of salt, and roads branch from them in all directions. They reach so far, and wind about so much, that a man may easily get lost. If his torch happens to go out, he wanders about until his strength is quite gone; and if nobody finds him, he lies down and dies.

I have read of a salt-mine, also in Poland, in which there is a pretty chapel cut out of the salt. It is called the "Chapel of St. Anthony."

## 27.—LITTLE TOM, THE CHIMNEY-SWEEP.

## I.

Tom and his master, Grimes, did not go into Harthover House by the great iron gates, but round the back way, and a very long way it was.

They went into a little back door, and in the passage the housekeeper met them. Tom mistook her for the lady of the house. She gave Grimes orders to take care of this, and take care of that, as if he were going up the chimneys and not Tom.

Grimes listened, and said every now and then to Tom, in a low voice, "You'll mind that, you little beggar!" And Tom did mind, at least all that he could.

Then the housekeeper turned them into a grand room, all covered up in sheets of brown paper, and bade them begin their work.

After a whisper or two, and a kick from his master, into the grate Tom went, and up the chimney, while a housemaid stayed in the room to watch the furniture.

How many chimneys he swept, I cannot

say. But he swept so many that he got quite tired, and puzzled too, for they were not like the town flues to which he was used. They were such as are found in old country-houses, large and crooked chimneys, which ran into one another.

So Tom fairly lost his way in them; not that he cared much for that, for he was as much at home in a chimney as a mole is under ground.

At last, coming down, as he thought, the right chimney, he came down the wrong one. He found himself standing on the hearth-rug in a room the like of which he had never seen before.

Tom had never been in gentlefolks' rooms except when the carpets were all up, and the curtains down, the furniture covered under a cloth, and the pictures hidden behind aprons and dusters.

He had often enough wondered what the rooms were like when they were all ready for gentlefolks to sit in. And now he saw, and he thought the sight very pretty.

The room was all dressed in white; white window-curtains, white bed-curtains, white

furniture, and white walls. There were just a few lines of pink here and there. The carpet was all over gay flowers, and the walls hung with pictures in gilt frames, which amused Tom very much.

There were pictures of ladies and gentlemen, and pictures of dogs and horses. The horses he liked, but the dogs he did not care for much. But of the two pictures which he liked most, one was of a man in long garments, with little children and their mothers around him. He was laying his hands on the children's heads.

That was a very pretty picture, thought Tom, to hang in a lady's room; for he could see that it was a lady's room by the dresses which lay about.

The other picture was that of a man nailed to a cross, which surprised Tom much. He thought that he had seen something like it in a shop-window. But why was it there? "Poor man!" thought Tom; "and he looks so kind and quiet. But why should the lady have such a picture in her room? Perhaps it was some relation of hers, who had been mur-



dered by savages, and she kept it for remembrance."

And Tom felt sad, and awed, and turned to look at something else.

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## 28.—LITTLE TOM, THE CHIMNEY-SWEEP.

### II.

The next thing Tom saw was a washing-stand, with jugs, basins, soap, brushes, towels, and a large bath full of clean water.

"What a heap of things all for washing! She must be a very dirty lady," thought Tom, "to want as much scrubbing as that. But she must be very cunning to put the dirt so well out of the way afterwards, for I don't see a speck about the room, not even on the towels."

And then, looking towards the bed, he saw that dirty lady, and held his breath in astonishment.

Under the snow-white coverlet, upon the snow-white pillow, lay the most beautiful little girl Tom had ever seen. Her cheeks were almost as white as the pillow, and her

hair was like threads of gold, spread all about over the bed.

She might have been as old as Tom, or maybe a year or two older; but Tom did not think of that. He thought only of her delicate skin and golden hair. He wondered if she were a real live person, or one of the wax dolls he had seen in the shops.

But when he saw her breathe, he made up his mind that she was alive. He stood staring at her as if she had been an angel out of heaven.

“No, she cannot be dirty; she never could have been dirty,” thought Tom to himself. And then he thought, “Are all people like that when they are washed?”

He looked at his own wrist, and tried to rub the soot off, and wondered if it ever would come off. “Surely I should look much prettier then, if I grew at all like her.”

And, looking round, he suddenly saw, standing close to him, a little, ugly, black, ragged figure, with grinning white teeth. He turned on it angrily. “What did such a little black ape want in that sweet lady’s

room?" thought he. And, behold, it was himself, reflected in a great mirror. He had never seen the like before.

And Tom, for the first time in his life, found out that he was dirty. He burst into tears of shame and anger, and turned to sneak up the chimney again and hide. He upset the fender, and threw the fire-irons down. They made a noise as of two thousand tin kettles tied to ten thousand mad dogs' tails.

Up jumped the little white lady in her bed. Seeing Tom, she screamed as loud as a peacock. A stout old nurse rushed in from the next room. Seeing Tom also, she made up her mind that he had come to rob, destroy, and burn. She dashed at him, as he lay over the fender, so fast that she caught him by the jacket.

But she did not hold him. Tom would have been afraid to face his friends forever, if he had been stupid enough to be caught by an old woman. So he doubled under the good lady's arm, and out of the window in a moment.

Down he went like a cat. He ran across

the garden lawn, over the iron fence, and up the park towards the wood, leaving the old nurse to scream "Murder!" and "Fire!" at the window.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

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### 29.—THE FLAX.

#### I.

The flax was in full bloom. It had very pretty blue flowers, which were much more delicate than the wings of a moth. The sun shone upon the flax, and the showers watered it. This was as good for it as it is for little children to be washed and then have a kiss from mother. They look all the prettier for it; and so did the flax.

"People say that I am well grown," said the flax, "and that I am getting so nice and tall, I should make a famous piece of linen. How fortunate I am! Now I am so well off, I am certainly the happiest of the happy; for something is to be made of me. How the sunshine delights me! how sweet and refreshing is the rain! I am supremely happy!"

“Ay, ay, ay,” said the fence, “you do not yet know the world; but we do, for we are knotty.” And then he creaked most dismally,—

“Ended is the song.”

“No, it is not ended,” said the flax. “Tomorrow the sun will shine, or the rain will fall, and do good. I feel that I am growing; I feel that I am in full bloom; I am the happiest of the happy!”

But one day some people came and seized the flax by his tuft, and rooted him up. This pained him much. Then he was laid in water, as if he were to be drowned, and held over the fire, as if he were to be roasted. It was really dreadful!

“We can’t always be happy,” said the flax. “One must suffer sometimes, and then one learns something.”

But things grew worse: the flax was moistened, steeped, scutched,\* and heckled;† nay, he did not know what they called all the various processes he went through. At last he was put on the spinning-wheel.

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\* Scutched—dressed by being beaten.

† Heckled—separated, coarse from fine.

Whir, whir! It went round so fast that the flax could not collect his thoughts.

“I have been very, very happy,” thought he, in the midst of all his troubles. “I must be content with the happiness I once enjoyed. Oh, content! content!” And this he still repeated when he was on the loom, where he became a fine, long piece of linen. The whole of the flax, to the very last stalk, was used to make this one piece of linen.

“Well, this is quite wonderful! I should never have thought it! How lucky I am! The fence was quite wrong when he sang,—

‘Ended is the song.’

The song is by no means ended; it is only just commencing. How wonderful! True, I have suffered somewhat in my lifetime, but only look what it has made of me. ‘I am the happiest of the happy.’ I am so strong and so fine, so white and so long.

“This is much better than being merely a plant, even in full bloom. One is not taken care of then, and one only gets watered if it happens to rain. Now I am waited on and tended. The maid turns me

every morning, and I have a shower-bath every evening from the watering-pot. Yes, even the clergyman's wife spoke about me. She said I was the best piece of linen in the whole parish. I cannot possibly be happier than I am now."

The linen was next brought into the house, and given over to the scissors. Oh, how it was cut and torn, and then pricked with needles! This was not pleasant; but the piece of linen was now made into twelve shirts.

"Here, now, I have become something very important. So, then, this was what I was intended for. It is indeed a blessing to be of use in the world, as it is the duty of every one to be. This is a real pleasure. We are now in twelve pieces, still we are all one and the same. We are a dozen. What a marvellous piece of good luck it is!"

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### 30.—THE FLAX.

#### II.

Years passed away, and the linen could no longer hold together, it was so worn. "Everything must come to an end some

time or other," said each garment. "I would willingly have lasted longer, but one ought not to expect what isn't possible."

Then the old shirts were torn into rags and tatters. They now believed that all was over with them, for they were chopped to pieces, soaked in water, and cooked, and they knew not what else happened to them, until they found themselves changed into beautiful white paper.

"Well, now, this is a surprise, and a very great surprise, too," said the paper. "Now I am smarter than before, and I shall be written on, and who knows what may not be written upon me! This is indeed wonderful luck!"

And, sure enough, the prettiest tales and poems were written upon the paper; and only one blot was made on it. It was, indeed, wonderful luck! And the people heard what was written thereon, and it was so good, and so useful, that it made them better and wiser, for they were blessed words.

"This is more than I dreamed of when I was only a little blue flower in the field.



How was it likely that I could imagine myself bringing joy and knowledge to mankind? I can scarcely yet believe it, but it is really so. I am well aware that I have done nothing myself but what my feeble powers compelled me to do for my very existence, and yet I have been raised, in the manner I have related, from one joy and honor to another.

“Every time that I think,—

‘Ended is the song,’

I attain to something higher and better. Now I am sure to be sent to travel all over the world, that every one may read me. It is the most probable thing that may occur; it cannot be otherwise. There are priceless thoughts in the words now written upon me, as numerous as the blue blossoms I once bore! ‘I am the happiest of the happy.’”

But the paper did not travel at all, but was sent to the printers, and all that was written upon it was set up in type to make a book, or rather hundreds of books, as by this means very many more can derive pleasure and profit from its contents than if the

single paper on which they were written had been circulated through the world, and had been worn out before it had performed half its journey.

“Yes, this is certainly the next sensible plan,” thought the manuscript: “it did not occur to me before. I shall thus remain at home, and be held in honor, just like a fine old ancestor, which indeed I am to all these new books.

“Now some good can be done. I should not have been able to wander about. But he who wrote the whole of it has looked at me; every word flew directly out of his pen upon me. ‘I am the happiest of the happy!’”

The paper was then tied up in a bundle, and thrown into a barrel which stood in the wash-house.

“It is good to rest after one’s duty is done,” said the paper: “it is very wise to collect one’s thoughts and reflect upon one’s actions. Now I discover for the first time all that is in me; and to know one’s self is a step in the right direction.

“What next will happen to me? I shall

at all events make progress, for my experience tells me that all changes are for the better."

So one day all the paper was taken out and laid upon the hearth to be burned; for they said there was no need to send it to the shops to be used for wrapping up butter and sugar.

And all the children in the house stood round, for they were so fond of seeing paper burned, because it sends up such bright flames, and afterwards so many red sparks are seen among the ashes, popping out one after another so very fast.

They called it "seeing the children come out of school;" and they said the last spark was the school-master. They often thought he had gone, but just at that instant another spark would pop out.

"There went the school-master," they would exclaim. A deal they knew about it, indeed! If they had only known who was going by: we know who it was, but they do not.

It was great fun, and those who watched them sang over the dead ashes,—

“Snip-snap-snop,  
The sparks go ‘pop,’  
And ended is the song.”

But the little invisible beings all said, “The song is never ended; that is the best of it. We know it, and therefore ‘We are the happiest of the happy.’” But the children could neither hear nor understand this; nor was it necessary that they should, for children are not to know everything.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

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### 31.—THE KING OF KINGS.

Canute, a great king, was once ruler of England and Denmark. His ships went hither and thither upon the North Sea.

It happened one day, as he was walking on the sea-shore with his courtiers, that flatterers began to speak of him as the king of kings and lord of the sea as well as of the land.

But the king was vexed at their words,

for he feared God ; and the language of the courtiers seemed a crime in his eyes. He made no reply, however.

He spread out his mantle upon the earth close to the shore, and sat down upon it. Then he said to the sea, "The land upon which I sit is mine ; I am its ruler : therefore I say to thee, remain where thou art, and come not near my place."

It was flood-tide as he spoke. When the courtiers heard this, they thought to themselves, "The king our master has become a fool." And they laughed at him in their hearts.

But the tide did not obey the voice of the king, and came in higher and higher, until it wet his feet. Then the king arose, and said,—

"You flatterers, where is now my power ? See how the sea has obeyed me ! Now depart, and remember that 'He who made the heavens and the earth, the sea, and all that in them is, He is King of kings and Lord of lords ;' I am but one of his servants."



AN EXERCISE FOR LANGUAGE.—No. 9.



## 32.—SEVEN TIMES ONE.

There's no dew left on the daisies and clover,  
There's no rain left in heaven.  
I've said my "seven times" over and over,  
Seven times one are seven.

I am old, so old I can write a letter ;  
My birthday lessons are done ;  
The lambs play always, they know no better ;  
They are only one times one.

O moon ! in the night I have seen you sailing  
And shining so round and low ;  
You were bright ! ah, bright ! but your light  
is failing,—  
You are nothing now but a bow.

You moon, have you done something wrong  
in heaven,  
That God has hidden your face ?  
I hope, if you have, you will soon be for-  
given,  
And shine again in your place.

O velvet bee, you're a dusty fellow,  
You've powdered your legs with gold !



O brave marsh mary-buds, rich and yellow,  
Give me your money to hold!

O columbine, open your folded wrapper,  
Where two twin turtle-doves dwell!

O cuckoo-pint, toll me the purple clapper  
That hangs in your clear green bell!

And show me your nest with the young ones  
in it;

I will not steal them away;

I am old, you may trust me, linnet, linnet,—  
I am seven times one to-day.

JEAN INGELOW.

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### 33.—WHAT WE SHOULD DRINK.

No creature could live for any length of time without drink. Plants drink nothing but water. They find it in the ground after it has fallen in the rain from the clouds, and their tiny root-mouths take it in, drop by drop.

Birds drink only water; and other animals of all kinds drink nothing but water or milk. Men and women could not live if it

were not for pure cold water, and they would be far better off if they never drank anything else.

But they have learned to make many drinks which are not found in nature, and some of these are very injurious, and cause a great deal of sickness and death. Among the most hurtful of all these are cider, beer, wine, and spirits.

Men take the fresh, wholesome juice of apples and allow it to ferment, and thus make a drink called cider.

They take barley, soak and partly rot it, then mash it and let the sweet juice ferment, and so make beer. They take the sweet juice of grapes, and by a similar process turn it into wine.

The fresh juice of apples, barley, and grapes is very good, and will hurt no one who drinks it. But when it is allowed to ferment, the sugar which is in it is changed into alcohol, and this is a poison.

So when people drink cider, beer, and wine, the alcohol in these drinks makes them giddy and light-headed, and if they take much they become unable to walk

straight, and often are made altogether helpless. We say they are then tipsy, or drunk.

But if we spoke truly we should say they were more or less poisoned by the alcohol they had taken. If people take very little cider, beer, or wine, they get very little poison, and so do not show its effects. But as they take more they show it more, often becoming drunk, and in some instances they die from excess.

A healthy person should never use any of these drinks. Pure water and milk are far better, for there is no alcohol in them, and therefore they do not harm people.

What makes cider, beer, and wine so full of danger is, that this alcohol causes an unnatural craving in the body, and so people are led to drink to excess, until they become drunkards and are ruined.

You may see many of these poor, ruined persons on the streets, and they became so from using drinks which contain alcohol. Let all boys and girls who wish to be temperate and healthy refrain from the use of cider, beer, or wine.

Let us keep in mind, then, that alcohol is not found in apples, grain, or grapes, but is made from the juices of these by fermentation. In this way cider, beer, and wine are made. They contain a great deal of water, a little of sweets and acids, and alcohol.

The alcohol in a full glass of brandy, if given alone to a small child, would kill it. Two and a half ounces of alcohol, if put into the stomach of a small dog, would kill it instantly: an ordinary glass of whiskey contains more than that amount of alcohol.

So when people drink spirits they soon become tipsy and drunken; that is, they are poisoned by the alcohol. A noted doctor in London, England, says that full forty thousand people lose their lives every year in Great Britain by drinking alcohol in various kinds of liquors.

These drinks do not make people strong. When a walker or rower is in training for a race, he is not allowed to drink beer or spirits. There is no food in alcohol, and many doctors are now agreed in telling us that it does not add any warmth to the body.

How sad that so much money should be spent, and so many people ruined, in drinking fermented liquors and spirits, which do nobody any good, but injure almost every one who takes them! The best way is never to touch, taste, or handle them.

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#### 34.—THE TWO SEEDS.

Long, long ago, two seeds lay beside each other in the earth, waiting. It was cold and rather wearisome, and, to beguile the time, the one found means to speak to the other.

“What are you going to be?” said the one.

“I don’t know,” answered the other.

“For me,” replied the first, “I mean to be a rose. There is nothing like a splendid rose. Everybody will love me then.”

“It’s all right,” whispered the second; and that was all it could say; for somehow when it had said that, it felt as if all the words in the world were used up. So they were silent again for a day or two.

“Oh, dear!” cried the first, “I have had some water. I never knew till it was inside me. I’m growing! I’m growing! Good-by.”

“Good-by!” repeated the other, and lay still, and waited more than ever.

The first grew and grew, pushing itself straight up, till at last it felt that it was in the open air, for it could breathe. And what a delicious breath it was! It was rather cold, but so refreshing.

It could see nothing, for it was not quite a flower yet, only a plant. Plants never see till their eyes come,—that is, till they open their blossoms,—then they are flowers quite.

So it grew and grew, and kept its head up very steadily. It meant to see the sky the first thing, and leave the earth quite behind, as well as beneath it.

But, somehow or other,—though why it could not tell,—it felt very much inclined to cry.

At length it opened its eye. It was morning, and the sky was over its head. But, alas! itself was no rose,—only a tiny white flower.

It felt yet more inclined to hang down its head and cry. But it still resisted, and tried hard to open its eye wide, and to hold its head upright, and to look full at the sky.

“I will be a Star of Bethlehem at least,” said the flower to itself.

But its heart felt very heavy; and a cold wind rushed over it, and bowed it down towards the earth. And the flower saw that the time of the singing of birds was not come,—that the snow covered the whole land, and that there was not a single flower in sight but itself.

And it half closed its leaves in terror and the dismay of loneliness. But that instant it remembered what the other seed used to say; and it said to itself, “It’s all right: I will be what I can.”

And thereon it yielded to the wind, drooped its head to the earth, and looked no more to the sky, but on the snow.

And straightway the wind stopped; and the cold died away; and the snow sparkled like pearls and diamonds; and the flower knew that it was the holding of its head up

that had hurt so, and that its body came of snow, and that its name was Snow-drop.

And so it said once more, "It's all right!" and waited in perfect peace. All the rest it needed was to hang its head, after its nature.

One day a pale, sad-looking girl, with thin face, large eyes, and long white hands, came, hanging her head like the Snow-drop's, along the snow where the flower grew.

She spied it, smiled joyously, and said, "Ah, my little sister, are you come?"

She stooped and plucked the Snow-drop. It trembled and died in her hand, which was a heavenly death for a Snow-drop; for had it not cast a gleam of summer, pale as it had been itself, upon the heart of a sick girl?

The other seed had a long time to wait; but it did grow to be one of the loveliest roses ever seen. And at last it had the highest honor ever granted to a flower.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

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NOTE.—The teacher should not fail to bring out the moral of this beautiful allegory.



## 35.—THE VICAR'S SERMON.

Whatsoe'er you find to do,  
Do it, boys, with all your might :  
Never be a little true,  
Or a little in the right.  
Trifles even  
Lead to heaven ;  
Trifles make the life of man :  
So in all things,  
Great or small things,  
Be as thorough as you can.

Let no speck their surface dim,  
Spotless truth and honor bright :  
I'd not give a fig for him  
Who says that any lie is white !  
He who falters,  
Twists or alters  
Little atoms when we speak,  
May deceive me,  
But, believe me,  
To himself he is a sneak.

Help the weak if you are strong ;  
Love the old if you are young ;

Own a fault if you are wrong ;  
If you're angry, hold your tongue.  
In each duty  
There's a beauty,  
If your eyes you do not shut,  
Just as surely  
And securely  
As a kernel in a nut.

Love with all your heart and soul,  
Love with eye and ear and touch.  
That's the moral of the whole :  
You can never love too much !  
'Tis the glory  
Of the story  
In our babyhood begun ;  
Hearts without it  
(Never doubt it)  
Are as worlds without a sun.

If you think a word will please,  
Say it, if it is but true ;  
Words may give delight with ease  
When no act is asked from you.  
Words may often  
Soothe and soften,

Gild a joy and heal a pain ;  
They are treasures  
Yielding pleasures  
It is wicked to retain.

CHARLES MACKAY.

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### 36.—A CLEVER TRICK.

A young man of eighteen or twenty, a student in college, was one day walking with one of the professors. The teacher was often called the students' friend, he was so kind to the young men who were placed in his classes.

While they were walking together, they saw a pair of old shoes lying in the path. These they supposed belonged to a poor man who had now nearly finished a hard day's work in the field close by.

The young student turned to the professor, saying, "Let us play the man a trick. We will hide his shoes, and conceal ourselves behind those bushes, and watch to see what he will do when he cannot find them."

"My dear friend," said the professor, "we must never amuse ourselves at the expense

of the poor. But you are rich, and you may give yourself a much greater pleasure by means of this poor man. Put a silver dollar in each shoe, and then we will hide ourselves."

The student did so, and then placed himself with the professor behind the bushes close by, through which they could easily watch the laborer and see whatever wonder or joy he might express.

The poor man soon finished his work, and came across the field to the path where he had left his coat and shoes. While he put on his coat, he slipped one foot into one of his shoes. Feeling something hard, he stooped down and found the dollar.

Astonishment and wonder were seen upon his face; he gazed upon the dollar, turned it round, looked again and again; then he looked around him, but could see no one.

Now he put the money into his pocket and proceeded to put on the other shoe; but how great was his astonishment when he found the other dollar!

His feelings overcame him; he fell upon his knees, looked up to heaven, and uttered aloud his glad thanksgiving, in which he

spoke of his wife, sick and helpless, and his children, without bread, whom this gift from some unknown hand would help so much.

The young man listened with tears in his eyes. We may be sure it taught him a useful lesson.

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### 37.—LITTLE ROGER'S NIGHT IN CHURCH.

#### I.

The church door stood ajar, and Roger peeped in. The glow from the open door of the stove showed grandfather's figure, stooping to cover the fire with ashes for the night.

Roger slipped into a pew, and sat down till the work should be finished, and they ready to go. As he looked up, he saw all at once how beautiful the old church was.

To study the roof better, Roger thought he would lie flat on the cushion awhile and look straight up.

Somehow—it will happen, even when we are full of pleasure—his eyes shut. The first thing he knew he was rubbing them open again, only a minute afterward, as it seemed; but grandfather was gone.

•

There was the stove closed for the night, and the great door at the end of the aisle was shut. He jumped up in a fright and shook it hard. It was locked, and poor Roger was fastened in for the night.



He was only six years old. No wonder that at first he felt frightened and inclined to cry. But he was a brave lad, and the fright soon left him.

He began to think that he was not so badly off, after all. The church was warm, and the pew-cushion as soft as his bed.

So he went back to the pew, and tried to go to sleep again. He kept himself quiet for a moment, then some little noise would come, and his heart would beat and his eyes be wide open in a minute.

It was a coal dropping from the fire, or a slight crack on the frosty panes. Once a little mouse crept out, nibbled a moment at a leaf on the carpet, and then crept back again. No other living thing disturbed the quiet.

He had heard the clock strike eleven a long time since, and was lying with eyes half shut, gazing at the red fire-grate, feeling at last a little drowsy.

All at once a strange rush seemed to come to him in the air, like a cool wind blowing through the church. In a minute he was wide awake and sitting upright, with ears strained to catch some sound afar off.

Little voices were speaking high in the air, outside the church,—very odd ones, like birds' notes, and yet the words were plain. He listened and listened, and made out at last that it was the owls in the tower talking together.

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“Ah! you’ll see soon,” replied the first. “The elves are coming, the hateful Christmas elves. You’ll not get a wink of sleep to-night.”

“Why not? What will they do to us?” chirped the young ones.

“You’ll see,” hooted the old owl. “You’ll see. They’ll pull your tails, and tickle your feathers, and prick you with thorns. I know them, the tricky, troublesome things! I’ve been here many a long year. You were only hatched last summer. To-whoo, to-whoo!”

Just at this moment the church clock began to strike twelve. At the first clang the owls ceased to hoot. Roger listened to the deep notes, as they sounded one by one.

He knew the voice of the clock well, but it never before sounded so loud or so solemn: five,—six,—seven,—eight,—nine,—ten,—eleven,—twelve. It was Christmas Day.

“Hoo, hoo, why don’t you lie still there?” said one.

“Whit-whoo-whit,” said the other, “I can’t. I know what is coming too well for that.”

“What is coming?—what, what?” said two voices together.



## 38.—LITTLE ROGER'S NIGHT IN CHURCH.

## II.

As the last echo died away, a new sound took its place. From afar off came the babble of tiny voices drawing nearer.

Anything so gay and charming was never dreamed of before,—half a laugh, half a song, like bells on a frolic. Above the old tower the sounds increased: a long, distressed cry came from the owl, and a bubbling laugh floated in on the wind.

Roger flew to the window, and tried to stretch his neck in such a way as to catch what was going on above. Just then the church bells began to ring all together, a chime, a Christmas chime, only the sounds were small, as if baby hands had laid hold on the ropes.

The notes were so merry and so lovely that Roger felt he must get nearer. Almost before he knew it he was climbing the dark belfry stairs as fast as his feet could carry him. He never thought of fear or darkness, only of the elfin bells which were pealing overhead.

Up, up, through the long slits in the tower the moon could be seen sailing in the cold, clear blue. Higher, higher,—at last he gained the belfry. There hung the four great bells, but nobody was pulling at their heavy ropes.

On each iron tongue was perched a fay ; on the chains were others, all keeping time by the swaying of their bodies as they swung to and fro.

Through the windows the crowd of floating fays could be seen whirling about in the moonlight. They floated in and out of the tower, they mounted the great bells and sat atop in swarms, they chased and pushed each other, playing all sorts of pranks.

Below, others were attacking the owls' nests. Roger could hear their hoots and grunts and the gleeful laughter of the elves.

The moon made the tower light as noon. All the time the elves sang or talked,—which, he could not tell. There were words, but all so blent with laughs and trills that it was nothing less than music.

Once Roger watched an elf trying to mount the clapper, and whenever he neared

the top a comrade pushed him off again. Then the elf pouted, and, flying away, he returned with a holly-leaf.

Small as it was, it curled over his head like a huge umbrella. With the point he slyly pricked the elf above, and he lost his hold and came tumbling down, while the other danced for glee and clapped his hands.

Pretty soon, however, all was made up again,—they kissed and were friends. Roger saw them perched opposite each other, and moving to and fro like children in a swing.

How long the pretty sight lasted he could not tell. All at once there came a strain of music in the air, solemn, and sweeter than ever mortal heard before.

In a moment the elves left their sports; they clustered like bees together in the window. Then they flew from the tower in one sparkling drift, and were gone, leaving Roger alone, and the owls hooting below in the ivy.

And then he felt afraid,—which he had not been as long as the fays were there. Down he ran in a fright over the stone steps, and entered the church again.

The red glow of the fire was grateful to

him, for he was shivering with cold and excitement. Hardly had he reached his old seat when, lo ! a great marvel came to pass.

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### 39.—LITTLE ROGER'S NIGHT IN CHURCH.

#### III.

The wide window over the altar swung open, and a train of angels floated through,—Christmas angels, with faces of calm, glorious beauty, and robes as white as snow.

Over the altar they hovered, and a wonderful song rose and filled the church. No bird's strain was ever half so sweet.

The words were few, but again and again they came: "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good-will to men!"

Roger knew the words, but I think he never forgot the beautiful meaning they seemed to bear as the angels sang them over and over. It was so wondrous sweet that he could not feel afraid. He could only gaze and gaze, and hold his breath lest he should lose a note.

The white-robed choir parted and floated like soft summer clouds to and fro in the church. They touched the Christmas green as they passed. They hung over the organ and brushed the keys with their wings.

A long time they clustered above the benches of the poor, as if to leave a fragrance in the air ; and then they rested before a tablet which bore the name of the rector's eldest son.

Roger had been told of this brave lad, and how he had lost his life in plunging from his ship to save a drowning child. Now the angel-song seemed sweeter than ever, as over and over again they chanted, "Good-will to men—good-will to men."

At last one of the white-winged ones left the others, and hovered above the Squire's pew. A prayer-book lay open on the rail, and over this the fair angel bent. A girl had sat there once,—the Squire's only daughter.

Roger remembered well when, only a twelvemonth ago, the lovely child had been buried from their sight. The glorious face above him seemed to have the same look, only so beautiful that he closed his eyes to

shut out the vision and the light that shone from the white wings.

He opened them again as a gentle rustling filled the air. He saw the bending figure stoop, leave a kiss or a blessing on the pages of the open book, and then glide away with the others.

Noiseless as a cloud, the snowy train floated to the window. For a moment their figures could be seen against the sky, then the song died away. They were gone, and Roger saw them no more.

The villagers that morning exclaimed that at no time had their old church, in its Christmas dress, looked so beautiful. The organ sent forth a rarer, sweeter music than fingers had ever drawn from it.

The poor mother, kneeling in her lonely pew, and missing her darling from beside her, felt a strange peace and patience enter her heart. She came away calmed and blessed. Still, no one believed Roger's story.

"Roger had dreamed it all," they said; and perhaps he had,—only the owls knew.

## 40.—CHRISTIE.

## I.

Christie trudged down the street very slowly. When he reached Dr. Beach's house, he opened the gate without making any noise. The lights were out, and the family were gone to bed.

His courage gave way entirely. He dared not ring the bell. So he stole off to a place on one side of the porch, where there were some tall evergreen trees, and a mound of leaves and snow underneath them.

He would sleep there, he thought. Perhaps in the morning he might be able to steal in at the back door, and nobody would find out that he had been away all night.

So he scooped a sort of burrow for himself underneath the leaves.

"I guess it will be morning soon," he thought: "I'm not very cold."

And he was not, except for a few shivering minutes just at first. After that a dreamy glow crept over him, and he dropped into a nap.

He woke up pretty soon with a start. Something tall and dark was leaning over him and talking. What was it?

“What a funny little creature!” said a voice which was thick and yet sharp and had a sort of rustle to it. “It isn’t a squirrel: what is it? and how did it come here?”

“It is a small black boy,” said another voice, as something taller and darker moved up and stood beside the first figure. “Poor little fellow, he has had no Christmas! That’s how he came to be here.”

Christie stared and rubbed his eyes. The moon had risen, and he could see the speakers, —the tallest evergreen of the group, and the little hemlock which grew by the gate. They were talking about him!

“No Christmas!” said the little hemlock. “How dreadful! Why, everybody has Christmas! He must have one. Is it too late? Can’t we do something about it?”

“Not too late, exactly,” replied the tall evergreen. “We might do something, perhaps. But is it really worth while? He is a very bad little boy, I assure you.”

“Oh, no matter if he is naughty!” cried



the hemlock; "he's little, and a boy, and he must have his Christmas somehow." And the hemlock gave a shiver.

"Very well," said the tall evergreen. Then he gave a call. It was more like a rustle than a shout, and more like a creak than either. But the trees seemed to understand, for at the sound all the evergreens in the yard came crowding together.

"What is it? what is it?" they asked.

"A small boy who has had no Christmas," explained the kindly little hemlock. "Join hands, brothers. We must give him as much of a one as we can before the clock strikes twelve."

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#### 41.—CHRISTIE.

##### II.

The evergreens joined hands and began to move about Christie in a circling dance. As they moved, they sang, and bent and bowed to each other gracefully.

When they stopped, the tallest evergreen addressed Christie, and said,—

"Pull off your stocking."

So Christie pulled off his stocking.

"Hang it up," said the little hemlock.

So Christie hung it up, on one of the tall evergreens.

"That's right," said the little hemlock.

"Now, my brothers, put in your presents."

The trees formed a circle again, and, as they danced round, each in turn dropped something into the stocking. Christie couldn't see what half the things were, but they all seemed to be beautiful.

The spruce-tree gave a bit of spruce sugar; the arbor vitæ, a smelling-bottle; the holly, a pocket pin-cushion. A pine cut off a lock of her hair and tucked it in among the gifts. Last of all, the little hemlock held up a great diamond, which glittered in the moonlight.

"Here you are! This is something splendid!" said the hemlock.

Then the trees danced on again, all crying in chorus, "Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!"

"Merry Ch——" Christie tried to say in return. But his voice seemed to stick in his throat. He could not speak. And what

did it mean that all at once the trees fell upon him and began to shake him violently? Were they angry?

He opened his eyes. It was not the evergreens which were shaking him, but Dr. Beach. Where had out-doors gone to? There he was, lying on the parlor sofa, and Miss Alice was standing by, with a candle in her hand.

"Poor little soul! he's coming to himself," she said.

"Yes," said Dr. Beach, "but an hour later it wouldn't have been easy to bring him round again. I doubt if we could have done it."

"Really!" cried Miss Alice, turning pale. "How fortunate that we went out to look! I could not sleep without a search for the poor child. Oh, Christie! how could you stay out so late?"

"I want my stocking! Somebody has taken away my stocking!" said Christie, beginning to cry; but Dr. Beach said, "Hush!"

Pretty soon Miss Alice held a glass to his lips with something nice and hot in it; after

drinking which he went to sleep again, and knew nothing more till he found himself in bed the next morning.

It was no use trying to convince Christie what a narrow escape he had had from freezing to death, or that all his story about the evergreens was a dream. He knew it wasn't, he said.

One thing was certainly queer. When Rosa went out to sweep the steps, there was the stocking hanging on the evergreen! In the toe was a little drifted heap,—a tuft of pine hair, a bit of spruce gum, two or three prickly holly leaves, dry and brown, a sprig of *arbor vitæ*, a broken icicle.

“Blown in by the wind,” said Miss Alice; but Christie shook his head.

“Somebody has changed them,” he said.  
“They were real pretty last night.”

SUSAN COOLIDGE.

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“Great, wide, beautiful, wonderful world,  
With the wonderful water round you curled,  
And the wonderful grass upon your breast,—  
World, you are beautifully drest.”

## 42.—MERRY CHRISTMAS.

In the hush of early morning,  
When the red burns through the gray,  
And the wintry world lies waiting  
For the glory of the day,  
Then we hear a fitful rustling  
Just without upon the stair,  
See two small white phantoms coming,  
Catch the gleam of sunny hair.

Are they Christmas fairies stealing  
Rows of little socks to fill?  
Are they angels floating hither  
With their message of good will?  
What sweet spells are these elves weaving,  
As like larks they chirp and sing?  
Are these palms of peace from heaven  
That these lovely spirits bring?

Rosy feet upon the threshold,  
Eager faces peeping through,  
With the first red ray of sunshine,  
Chanting cherubs come in view:  
Mistletoe and gleaming holly,  
Symbols of a blessed day,

In their chubby hands they carry,  
Streaming all along the way.

Well we know them, never weary  
Of this innocent surprise,—  
Waiting, watching, listening always  
With full hearts and tender eyes,  
While our little household angels,  
White and golden in the sun,  
Greet us with the sweet old welcome,—  
“Merry Christmas, every one!”

LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

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#### 43.—THE LITTLE LAME PRINCE.

##### I.

One winter night, when all the plain was white with moonlight, there was seen crossing it a great tall black horse.

Its rider was a man also big and black. He carried before him on the saddle a woman and a child.

She was to live in a lonely tower with the child. That she might take the utmost care of him, she was allowed to live as long as he lived—no longer.

He was a gentle little boy, with a sweet, sleepy smile. He had been very tired with his long journey.

He held tightly to the man's neck, and the face, black as it was, looked kindly at him.

He was very helpless, with his poor little legs, which could neither stand nor run away.

The forlorn boy was Prince Dolor. He was sent away from his home under charge of these two, the woman and the black man. The latter was deaf and dumb, so could neither tell nor repeat anything.

When they reached the tower, there was light enough to see a huge chain. It hung half-way down the side.

The deaf-mute lifted a sort of ladder to meet the chain. Then he mounted to the top of the tower, and slung from it a chair.

In this the woman and child placed themselves and were drawn up. They were never to come down again as long as they lived.

Leaving them there, the man descended the ladder, took it to pieces, and packed it in his pack. Then he rode away across the plain.

Every month they used to watch for the black horse and its rider. He fastened the horse to the foot of the tower, and climbed it, as before. He brought provisions, books, toys, and many other things.

He always saw the Prince, so as to make sure that the child was alive and well. Then he went away until the following month.

While his first childhood lasted, Prince Dolor was happy enough. There was nobody to tease him or ill-use him, and he was never ill.

He played about from room to room: there were four rooms,—parlor, kitchen, his nurse's bedroom, and his own.

He learned to crawl like a fly, and to jump like a frog, and to run about on all-fours almost as fast as a puppy.

As he grew older, he liked to be quiet for a while. He would sit at the windows and watch the sky above and the ground below.

He saw the storms sweeping over, and the sunshine coming and going, and the shadows of the clouds running races across the plain.



## 44.—THE LITTLE LAME PRINCE.

## II.

By and by he began to learn lessons. His nurse had not been told to teach him, but she did it partly to amuse herself.

She was not a stupid woman, and Prince Dolor was by no means a stupid boy. His cry, "What can I do? what can you find for me to do?" was now stopped, at least for an hour or two in the day.

From this time a change came over the boy. He began to look sad and thin, and to shut himself up for hours without speaking.

His nurse had been forbidden to tell him who he was, or what he might have been. He had no idea of anything in the world, except what he found in books.

He used to think, if he could only fly out of the window, up to the sky or down to the plain, how nice it would be!

His nurse had once told him in anger that he would never leave the tower till he died. Perhaps then he might be able to do this.

"I wish I had somebody to tell me all about it," he said,—“a real live person, who

would be fond of me and kind to me. Oh, I want somebody, dreadfully!"

As he spoke, there sounded behind him a slight tap-tap-tap, as of a stick or a cane. Twisting himself round, he saw—what do you think he saw?



A little woman, no bigger than he might have been had his legs grown like those of other children. But she was not a child; she was an old woman.

Her hair was gray, and her dress was gray. There was a gray shadow over her wherever she moved.

She dropped her cane and laid two tiny hands on his shoulders.

“My dear little boy, I could not come to you until you had said you wanted me. Now you do want me, here I am.”

“You are very welcome,” replied the Prince, trying to speak politely, as princes always do in books.

“May I ask who you are? Perhaps my mother?” He knew that little boys usually had a mother, and had wondered what had become of his own.

“No,” said the visitor, “I am not your mother, though she was a dear friend of mine. You are as like her as ever you can be.”

“Will you tell her to come and see me, then?”

“She cannot; but I dare say she knows all about you. She loves you very much; and so do I. I want to help you all I can, my poor little boy.”

“Why do you call me poor?” asked Prince Dolor, in surprise.

## 45.—THE LITTLE LAME PRINCE.

## III.

The little old woman glanced down on his legs and feet. He did not know they were different from those of other children. Then she looked at his sweet, bright face. It was very different from many children's faces, which are often fretful and cross.

"I beg your pardon, my Prince," said she.

"Yes, I am a prince, and my name is Dolor. Will you tell me yours?"

The little old woman laughed like a chime of silver bells.

"I have so many names that I don't know which to choose. However, I gave you yours, and you will belong to me all your days. I am your godmother."

"Hurrah!" cried the little Prince. "I am glad I belong to you, for I like you very much. Will you come and play with me?"

So they sat down and played together. By and by they began to talk.

"Are you very dull here?" asked the little old woman.

"No, godmother. I have plenty to eat

and drink, and my lessons to do, and my books to read,—lots of books.”

“And you want nothing?”

“Nothing. Yes—perhaps—if you please, godmother, could you bring me just one more thing?”

“What sort of a thing?”

“A little boy to play with.”

The little old woman looked very sad. “Just the thing which I cannot give you. My child, I cannot alter your lot in any way, but I can help you to bear it.”

“Thank you. But why do you talk of bearing it? I have nothing to bear.”

“My poor little man!” said the old woman. And she took him in her arms and kissed him many times.

By and by the child kissed her back again.

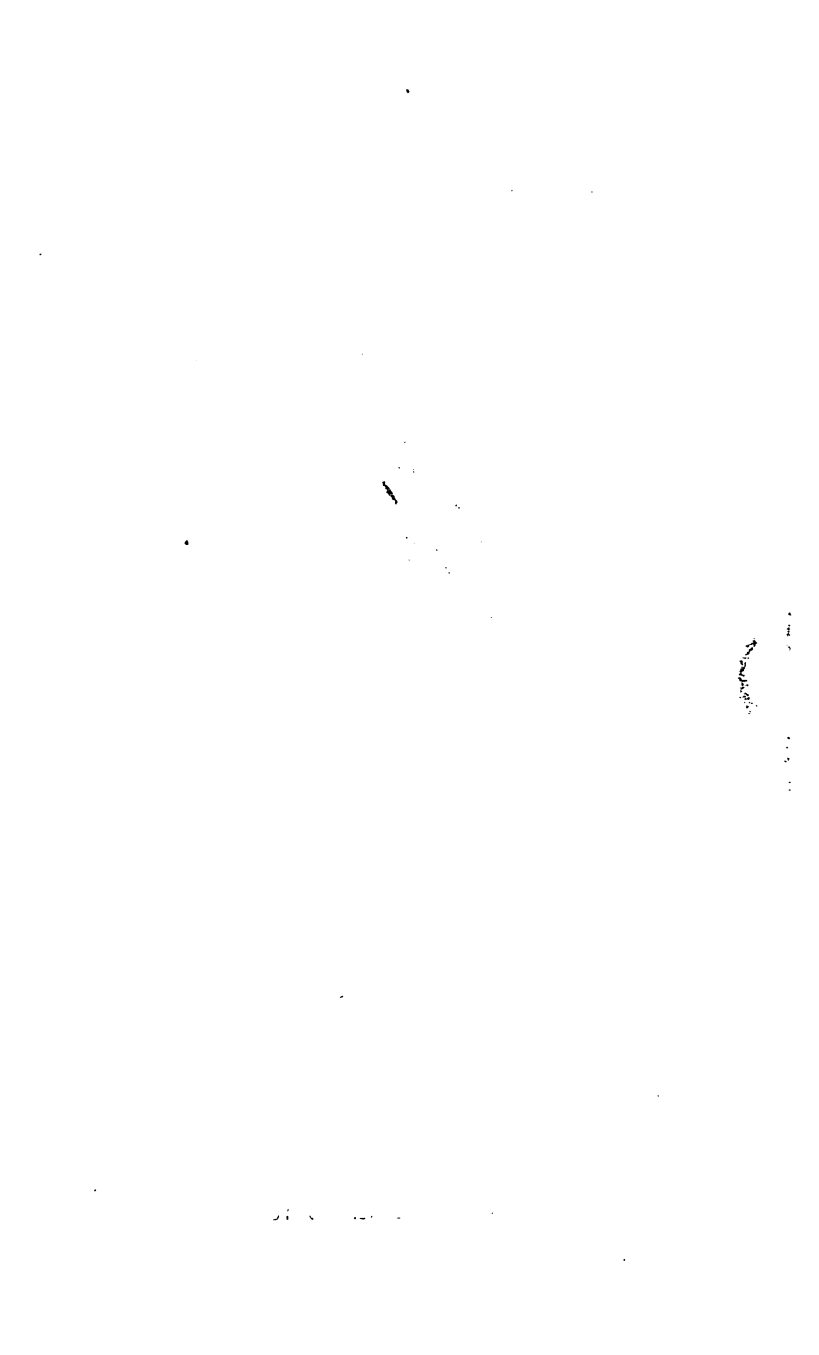
“Promise me that you will never go away,” he implored.

“I must,” replied she; “but I will leave a present behind me,—something as good as myself to amuse you. It will take you wherever you want to go.”

“What is it?”



AN EXERCISE FOR LANGUAGE.—No. 10.



“A travelling-cloak.”

The Prince's countenance fell. “I don't want a cloak, for I never go out. I can't walk, you know.”

“The more reason why you should ride. Here is the cloak. Spread it out on the floor, and wait till the edges turn up all round like a rim.

“Then go and open the skylight. Set yourself on the middle of the cloak, like a frog on a water-lily leaf, and say, ‘Abracadabra, dum dum dum.’ When you want to come back again, say, ‘Abracadabra, tum tum ti.’

“That's all. Good-by.”

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#### 46.—THE LITTLE LAME PRINCE.

##### IV.

And what of the travelling-cloak? What good did it do the Prince?

When he had untied all the knots, the cloak began to undo itself. It laid itself down on the carpet, as flat as if it had been ironed.



The rim turned up all round. It had become large enough for one person to sit in it, as if in a boat.

With one of his active leaps, the Prince sprang right into the middle of the cloak. He wrapped his arms round his knees, for they shook a little, and his heart beat fast. There he sat, waiting for what might happen next.

The cloak rose slowly and steadily, at first only a few inches, then higher and higher, till it nearly touched the skylight. Prince Dolor's head bumped against the glass, or would have done so had he not cried out, "Oh, please don't hurt me!"

Then he remembered his godmother's command, "Open the skylight!"

He lifted up his head and began searching for the bolt, the cloak remaining perfectly still. The minute the window was opened, out it sailed, right out into the clear, fresh air.

"I wonder," he thought, "whether I could see better through a pair of glasses like those nurse reads with. I would take care of them, if I only had a pair." Imme-

diately he felt something hard fixing itself to the bridge of his nose. It was a pair of the prettiest gold spectacles ever seen.

Looking downward, he found that he could see every blade of grass, every tiny bud and flower,—even the insects that walked over them.



Just to rest his eyes, he turned them up to the sky. A long, black, wavy line moved on in the distance, as if it were alive.

He looked at it through his spectacles. It proved to be a long string of birds, flying one after the other.

“They must be the passage-birds flying seaward,” cried the boy. “How I should like to see them quite close, and to know where they come from, and whither they are going!”

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#### 47.—THE LITTLE LAME PRINCE.

##### V.

The cloak gave a sudden bound forward. Presently he found himself in the very middle of that band of travellers.

“Oh, I wish I were going with you!” he cried. “I’m getting tired of this dull plain and the lonely tower. I do so want to see the world. Pretty swallows, dear swallows, tell me what it looks like,—the beautiful, wonderful world!”

The boy looked after them with envy. He followed with his eyes the faint, wavy line as it floated away, till it vanished out of sight.

Through his wonderful spectacles the Prince could see everything, but it was a silent picture. He was too high up to catch

anything except a faint murmur, which only made him want to hear more.

"I have as good as two pairs of eyes," he thought. "I wonder if my godmother would give me a second pair of ears."

Scarcely had he spoken when he found lying on his lap a little parcel all done up in silvery paper. It contained a pair of silver ears.

They fitted exactly over his own. He hardly felt them, except for the difference they made in his hearing.

There are sounds that we listen to daily and never notice. Prince Dolor, who had lived all his days in the dead silence of Hopeless Tower, now heard them for the first time. And, oh! if you had seen his face!

He listened, listened, as if he could never have done listening. And he looked and looked, as if he could not gaze enough.

"Godmother," he said, "all these creatures I like, but I should like better to see a creature like myself. Couldn't you show me just one little boy?"

There was a sigh behind him. The cloak remained so long motionless that he was

afraid his godmother was offended with him for asking too much.

Suddenly a shrill whistle startled him, even through his silver ears. Looking downward, he saw start up from behind a bush, something—

Neither a sheep nor a horse nor a cow—nothing upon four legs. This creature had only two; but they were long, straight, and strong.

It had an active body, and a curly head of black hair. It was a boy, a shepherd-boy, about the Prince's own age,—but, oh, so different!

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#### 48.—THE LITTLE LAME PRINCE.

##### VI.

“Might he come and play with me? I would drop down to the ground to him, or fetch him up to me here. How nice it would be if I only had a little boy to play with me!”

There were some things which his godmother either could not or would not give.

The cloak did not move, but hung high in the air.

The shepherd-boy took it for a large bird, and, shading his eyes, looked up at it. His dog began to jump upon him, barking with delight.

“Down, Snap, down!” the Prince heard him say. “Let’s warm ourselves by a race.”

They started off together, boy and dog, barking and shouting. It was hard to tell which made the most noise or ran the fastest.

Prince Dolor watched them for a while. Then the sweet, pale face grew paler, the lips began to quiver, and the eyes to fill.

“How nice it must be to run like that!” he said, softly. Never, no, never in this world would he be able to do the same.

Now he understood what his godmother meant when she gave him his travelling-cloak. He knew why he had heard that sigh when he had asked to see “just one little boy.”

“I think I had rather not look at him again,” said the poor little Prince.

He drew himself into the centre of his

cloak, and sat there with his arms wrapped round his feeble, useless legs.

He placed himself so that he could see nothing but the sky. He took off his silver ears, as well as his gold spectacles. What was the use of either, when he had no legs with which to walk or run?

Suddenly there rose from below a delicious sound. It was the song of a skylark, mounting higher and higher from the ground. At last it came close to Prince Dolor.

“Oh, you beautiful, beautiful bird!” cried he. “I should dearly like to take you in. That is, if I could,—if I dared.”

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#### 49.—THE LITTLE LAME PRINCE.

##### VII.

The little brown creature with its loud heavenly voice almost made him afraid.

But it also made him happy; and he watched and listened till he forgot everything in the world except the little lark.

He was wondering if it would soar out

of sight, when it closed its wings, as larks do when they mean to drop to the ground.

But, instead of dropping to the ground, it dropped right into the little boy's breast.

What a delight! To have something that nobody else had,—something all his own! Prince Dolor forgot his grief, and was entirely happy.

But when he got in sight of the tower, a painful thought struck him:

“My pretty bird, what am I to do with you? If I shut you up in my room,—you, a wild skylark of the air,—what will become of you? I am used to this, but you are not.

“Suppose my nurse should find you! She can't bear the sound of singing. I remember her once telling me that the nicest thing she ever ate in her life was lark pie!”

The little boy shivered all over at the thought. The merry lark broke into the loudest carol, as if he defied anybody to eat him. In another minute Prince Dolor had made up his mind:

“No, my bird, nothing so dreadful shall happen to you if I can help it. Fly away,



my darling, my beautiful! Good-by, my merry, merry bird."

Opening his hands, he let the lark go. Away it flew, far up into the blue sky.

Prince Dolor ate his supper and went quietly to bed. Suddenly he heard outside the window a faint little carol. It was faint, but cheerful, even though it was the middle of the night.

The dear little lark! it had not flown away after all. It kept hovering about the tower, in the silence and darkness of the night, outside the window or over the roof. Whenever he listened for a moment, he heard it singing still.

He went to sleep as happy as a king.

DINAH MULOCK CRAIK.

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"Lives of great men all remind us  
We can make our lives sublime,  
And, departing, leave behind us  
Footprints on the sands of time."

LONGFELLOW.



AN EXERCISE FOR LANGUAGE.—No. 11.



## 50.—FAIRY FOLK.

The fairy books have told you  
Of the fairy folk so nice,  
That make their leather aprons  
Of the ears of little mice,  
And wear the leaves of roses  
Like a cap upon their heads,  
And sleep at night on thistle-down  
Instead of feather beds.

These stories, too, have told you—  
No doubt to your surprise—  
That the fairies ride in coaches  
Which are drawn by butterflies,—  
That they come into your chambers  
When you are locked in dreams,  
And right across your counterpanes  
Make bold to drive their teams,  
And that they heap your pillows  
With their gifts of rings and pearls;  
But do not heed such idle tales,  
My little boys and girls.

There are no fairy folk that ride  
About the world at night

And give you rings and other things  
To pay for doing right.  
But if you do to others  
What you'd have them do to you,  
You'll be as blest as if the best  
Of story-books were true.

ALICE CARY.

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### 51.—THE NETTLE-GATHERER.

#### I.

Very early in the spring, when the fresh grass was just springing up, before the trees had got their leaves, a poor little girl with a basket on her arm went out to search for nettles.

Near the stone wall of a church-yard was a bright green spot, where grew a large bunch of nettles. The largest nettle stung little Karine's fingers. "Thank you for nothing!" said she; "but, whether you like it or not, you must all be put into my basket."

Little Karine blew on her smarting finger, and the wind followed suit. The sun shone out warm, and the larks began to sing. As Karine was standing there listening to the

song of the birds, and warming herself in the sun, she saw a beautiful butterfly.

The butterfly stretched out its dazzling wings, and, after it had settled on a nettle, waved itself backward and forward in the sunshine. There was something else upon the nettle, which looked like a shrivelled-up light-brown leaf.

The sun was just then shining down with great force upon the spot. And while Karine looked, the brown object moved, and two little leaves rose gently up, which by and by became two beautiful little wings; and, behold, it was a butterfly just come out of the chrysalis.\*

The two butterflies must have been friends whom some unlucky chance had separated. They flew about, played at hide-and-seek, danced with each other, and seemed to be greatly enjoying the bright sunshine.

One flew away three times into a neighboring orchard. The other seated itself on a nettle to rest. Karine went gently towards

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\* *Chrysalis*—a form into which the caterpillar, or larva of butterflies and some other insects, passes, and from which the perfect insect, after a while, comes out.

it, put her hands quickly over it, and got possession both of the butterfly and of the nettle. She put them into the basket and went home happy.

The nettles were bought by an old countess who had a weakness for nettle soup. Karine received a silver piece for them.

With this in her hand, the butterfly in her basket, and also two large ginger-cakes, which had been given to her by the countess, the happy girl went into the room where her mother and little brother awaited her.

There were great rejoicings over the piece of silver, the ginger-cakes, and the butterfly.

But the butterfly did not appear as happy with the children as they were with the butterfly. It would not eat anything that they offered, but was always fluttering against the window-pane. Two days passed in this way. The butterfly would not be happy.

"It wants to get out," thought Karine; "it wants to find a home and something to eat." So she opened the window.

Ah, how joyfully the butterfly flew out into the open air! It flew over the churchyard which was near Karine's dwelling.

There little yellow star-like flowers of every description were in bloom. Into the cups of these little flowers it thrust its head, and sucked a sweet juice therefrom; for at the bottom of the cup of almost every flower there is a drop of sweet juice which God has provided for the food of insects.

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## 52.—THE NETTLE-GATHERER.

### II.

The butterfly then flew to the bunch of nettles on the hill, where it drew honey from the white blossoms, and embraced the plant with its wings, as children do a tender mother.

“It has now returned to its home,” thought Karine, and she felt very glad to have given the butterfly its liberty.

One day she saw her old friend sit on a leaf, as if tired and worn out. When it flew away the child found a little gray egg lying on the very spot where it had rested. Then she made a mark on the nettle and on the leaf.



Karine gathered flowers, and then went into the hay-field to work; still, it often happened that she and her little brother went supperless to bed. But then their father played on the violin, and made them forget that they were hungry, and its tones lulled them to sleep.

One day, when Karine was passing by the nettles, she stopped, rejoiced to see them again. She saw that they were a little bent down, and, upon examination, found a number of small green caterpillars.

She saw that they covered the very spot where she had made a mark, and that the leaf was nearly eaten up. Karine immediately thought that they must be the butterfly's children. And so they were, for they had come from its eggs.

"Ah," thought Karine, "if my little brother and I, who sometimes can eat more than our father and mother can give us, could become butterflies, and find something to eat as easily as these do, would it not be pleasant?" She broke off the nettle on which the butterfly had laid its eggs, and carried it home.

On her arrival there, she found all the little

grubs had crawled away, with the exception of one, which was still eating and enjoying itself. Karine put the nettle into a glass of water, and every day a fresh leaf appeared.

The caterpillar quickly grew in size, and seemed to thrive. The child took great pleasure in it, and wondered within herself how large it would be at last, and when its wings would come.

One morning it appeared very quiet and sleepy, and would not eat. Every moment it became more weary, and seemed ill. "Oh," said Karine, "it is certainly going to die, and there will be no butterfly from it; what a pity!"

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### 53.—THE NETTLE-GATHERER.

#### III.

The next morning Karine found with astonishment that the caterpillar had spun round itself a sort of web, in which it lay, no longer a living green grub, but a stiff brown chrysalis. She took it out of the cocoon; it was as if enclosed in a shell.

“It is dead,” said the child, “and is now lying in its coffin. But I will still keep it, for it has been so long with us.”

Karine then laid it on the earth in a little flower-pot which stood in the window, in which there was a balsam growing.

The long winter came, and much, very much snow. Karine and her little brother had to run barefooted through it all. The boy became paler and paler, and lay tired and weary, just like the grub of the caterpillar shortly before it became a chrysalis.

The snow melted, the April sun reappeared, but the little boy played out of doors no more. His sister went out again to gather nettles and anemones, but no longer with a merry heart.

When she came home, she would place the flowers on her little brother's sick-bed. And as time went on, one day he lay there stiff and cold, with eyes fast closed. He was dead. They laid him in the ground, and the priest threw three handfuls of earth over the coffin.

Karine's heart was so heavy that she did not heed the blessed words which were

spoken of the resurrection unto everlasting life. She only knew that she had no longer any little brother whom she could play with, and love, and be loved by in return.

She went into the meadows, gathered all the flowers and young leaves she could find, and strewed them on her brother's grave, and sat there weeping for many hours.

One day she took the pot with the balsam in it, and the chrysalis, and said, "I will plant the balsam on the grave, and bury the butterfly's grub with my dear little brother."

. Poor Karine sobbed, and dried her eyes with the hand that was free. In the other lay the chrysalis, and the sun shone upon it.

There was a low crackling in the shell, and a violent motion within, and, behold! she saw a living insect crawl out. It threw off its shell as a man would throw off his cloak, and sat on Karine's hand, breathing, and at liberty.

In a short time the wings upon its back began to unfold. Karine looked on with beating heart. She saw the wings expand little by little, until they were fully open and glistening in the brightness of the spring sun.

When, after an hour, it fluttered its wings to prepare for flight, and flew around the child's head and among the flowers, an unspeakably joyful feeling came over Karine, and she said, "The shell of the chrysalis has burst, and the caterpillar within has got wings; in like manner is my little brother freed from his mortal body, and has become an angel in the presence of God."

Karine wept no more. When she again went to visit the nettles, and saw the little caterpillars crawling on the leaves, she said in a low voice, "You only crawl now, you little things. By and by you will have wings as well as I; and you know not how glorious it will be at the last."

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#### 54.—THANKSGIVING DAY.

Over the river and through the wood,  
To grandfather's house we go :  
The horse knows the way  
To carry the sleigh  
Through the white and drifted snow.

Over the river and through the wood,—

Oh, how the wind does blow!

It stings the toes

And bites the nose,

As over the ground we go.

Over the river and through the wood,

To have a first-rate play.

Hear the bells ring,

“Ting-a-ling-ding!”

Hurrah for Thanksgiving Day!

Over the river and through the wood,

Trot fast, my dapple-gray!

Spring over the ground

Like a hunting-hound!

For this is Thanksgiving Day!

Over the river and through the wood,

And straight through the barn-yard gate:

We seem to go

Extremely slow,—

It is so hard to wait.

Over the river and through the wood,—

Now grandmother's cap I spy!

Hurrah for the fun!

Is the pudding done?

Hurrah for the pumpkin-pie!

## 55.—THE FOUR MACNICOLS.

## I.

This is a true story of how four boys in a small fishing village in the North of Scotland learned the great lesson of self-help.

The four boys were Robert MacNicol, an active, stout, black-eyed lad, his two younger brothers, Duncan and Nicol, and his cousin, Neil MacNicol.

It was a sad evening for Rob MacNicol when the body of his father, who had been drowned, was brought home.

It was his first introduction to the cruel facts of life. And, amid his sorrow, Rob was aware that on himself now rested the care of his two brothers and his cousin.

He sat up late that night, long after the others were asleep, thinking of what he should do.

After the funeral, the few people who were present went to their own homes, no doubt thinking that the MacNicol boys would be able to live as hitherto they had lived,—that is, anyhow.

But there was a kindly man, called Jamie-

son, who kept the grocery-shop, and he called Rob in as the boys passed on their way home.

"Rob," said he, "you must be doing something now. There's a cousin of mine who has a shop in Glasgow, and I could get you a place there."

"How much would he give me?"

"I think I could get him to give you four shillings a week. That would keep you very well."

"Keep me?" said Rob. "Yes, but what's to become of Duncan and Neil and Nicol?"

"They must shift for themselves," the grocer answered.

"That will not do," said Rob; and he left the shop.

He overtook his companions, and asked them to go along to some rocks overlooking the harbor. There they sat down.

"Neil," said Rob to his cousin, "we'll have to think about things now. We have just about as much left as will pay the lodgings this week, and Nicol must go three nights a week to the night-school. What we get for stripping the nets will not do now."



"It will not," said Neil.

"Mr. Jamieson has offered me a place in Glasgow, but it is not very good, and I think we shall do better if we keep together. Neil," said he, "if we had only a net, do you not think we could trawl\* for cuddies?† And do you not think we could make a net for ourselves out of the old rags lying at the shed?"

After a short pause, "Do you think," asked he, "that Peter, the tailor, would let us have his old boat for a shilling a week?"

It was clear that Rob had been carefully considering the details of this plan. And it was eagerly welcomed, not only by Neil, but also by the brothers Duncan and Nicol.

It was decided, under Rob's direction, to set to work at once.

So Rob bade his brothers and cousin get their fishing-rods and go to the rocks at the mouth of the harbor and see what fish they could get for him during the afternoon.

Meanwhile, he himself went along to the shed which was used as a sort of storage-

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\* Trawl—to take fish with a trawl-net.

† Cuddy—the pollock, a sort of codfish.

house by some of the fishermen. Here he found lying about plenty of pieces of net that had been cast aside as worthless.

Rob formed the plan of rigging up a couple of guy-poles\* (as the salmon-fishers call them), one for each end of the small seine† he had in view. These guy-poles, with a lump of lead at the lower end, would keep the net upright while it was being dragged through the water.

All this took up the best part of the afternoon. Then he walked along to the point where the other MacNicol's were busy fishing.

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## 56.—THE FOUR MACNICOLS.

### II.

They had been lucky with their lines and bait. On the rocks beside them lay two or three small codfish, a large flounder, and nearly a dozen small fishes. Rob washed them clean, put a string through their gills, and marched off with them to the village.

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\* Guy-poles—rods to steady the net.

† Seine—a large net for catching fish.

He felt no shame in trying to sell fish : was it not the whole trade of the village ? He walked into the grocer's shop.

"Will you buy some fish ?" said he. "They're fresh."

The grocer looked at them.

"What do you want ?"

"A ball of twine."

"Let me tell you this, Rob," said the grocer, severely : "that a lad in your place should be thinking of something else than flying a kite."

"I don't want to fly a kite," said Rob. "I want to mend a net."

"Oh, that is quite different," said the grocer.

So he had his ball of twine ; and a very large one it was. Off he set to his companions.

Well, it took them several days of very hard and constant work before they rigged up something resembling a small seine. Then Rob proceeded to his interview with Peter, the tailor.

Peter was a sour-faced, gray-headed old man, who wore spectacles. He was sit-

ting cross-legged on his bench when Rob entered.

“Peter, will you lend me your boat?”

“I will not.”

“Why will you not lend me the boat?”

“Do I want it sunk, as you sunk that boat the other day? Go away with you. You’re an idle lot, you MacNicols. You’ll be drowned some day.”

“We want it for the fishing, Peter,” said Rob, who took no notice of the tailor’s ill temper. “I’ll give you a shilling a week for the loan of it.”

“A shilling a week!” said Peter, with a laugh. “A shilling a week! Where’s your shilling?”

“There,” said Rob, putting it plump down on the bench.

The tailor looked at the shilling, took it up, bit it, and put it in his pocket.

“Very well,” said he; “but, mind, if you sink my boat you’ll have three pounds to pay.”

Rob went back eager and joyous. At once the boat was closely examined by the lads: they tested the oars: they tested the

thole-pins;\* they had a new piece of cork put into the bottom. For that evening, when it grew more towards dusk, they would make their first cast with their net.

Yes; and that evening, when it had quite turned to dusk, the people of the village were startled with a new outcry. It was Neil MacNicol, standing in front of the cottages, and boldly calling forth,—

“Is there any one wanting cuddies? There are cuddies to be sold at the West Slip for sixpence a hundred!”

Soon there was not a single cuddy left.

“What do you make it altogether?” said Neil to Rob, who was counting the money.

“Three shillings and ninepence.”

“Three shillings and ninepence! That’s a lot! Shall you put it in the savings-bank?”

“No,” said Rob. “I’m not satisfied with the net, Neil. We must have better ropes all the way round; and sinkers, too; and whatever money we can spare we must spend on the net.”

One afternoon, some ten days afterwards,

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\* Thole-pins—pins used as rowlocks.

the boys set out as usual. They had earned more than enough to pay their landlady, the tailor, and the school-master; and everything beyond these expenses they had spent on the net.

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### 57.—THE FOUR MACNICOLS.

#### III.

On this afternoon, Duncan and Nicol, being the two youngest, were, as usual, pulling away to one of the small, quiet bays, and Rob was idly looking around him, when he saw something on the surface of the sea at some distance off. It was what the fishermen call “broken water,”—produced by a shoal\* of fish.

“Look, look, Neil!” he cried. “It is either mackerel or herring. Shall we try for them?”

The greatest excitement now prevailed on board. The younger brothers pulled their hardest to make for that rough patch on the water. Rob undid the rope from the guy-

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\* Shoal—a great multitude.

pole, and got the latter ready to drop overboard.

They came nearer and nearer to that strange hissing of the water. When they had come within a little distance from it, Rob quietly dropped the guy-pole over, paying out the net rapidly, so that it should not be dragged after the boat.

But the water had grown suddenly quiet. Had the fish dived and escaped them? There was not the motion of a fin anywhere; and yet the net seemed heavy to haul.

"Rob," said Neil, almost in a whisper, "we've got them!"

"We haven't got them," was the reply, "but they're in the net. I wonder if it'll hold out?"

And then the wild excitement of hauling in; the difficulty of it; the danger of the fish escaping; the warning cries of Rob; the possibility of swamping the boat.

When that heaving, sparkling mass at last was captured, the young lads sat down quite exhausted, wet through, and happy.

"What do you think of that, Rob?" said Neil.

“What do I think?” said Rob. “I think that if we could get two or three more hauls like that, I would soon buy a share in Coll MacDougall’s boat, and go after the herring.”

They had no more thought that afternoon of cuddy-fishing, after this famous take. Rob and Neil rowed back to the village; then Rob left the boat at the slip, and walked up to the office of the fish-salesman.

“What will you give me for mackerel?” he said.

The salesman laughed at him, thinking he had caught a few with rods and flies.

“I’m not buying mackerel,” said he; “not by the half-dozen.”

“I have half a boat-load,” said Rob.

The salesman glanced towards the slip, and saw the tailor’s boat pretty low in the water.

“I’ll go down to the slip with you.”

So he and Rob together walked down to the slip, and the salesman had a look at the mackerel.

“Well, I will buy the mackerel from you,” he said. “I will give you half a crown the hundred for them.”



“Half a crown!” said Rob. “I will take three and sixpence the hundred for them.”

“I will not give it to you. But I will give you three shillings the hundred, and a good price, too.”

“Very well, then,” said Rob.

So the MacNicol's got altogether two pounds and eight shillings for that load of mackerel; the two pounds going into the savings-bank.

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#### 58.—THE FOUR MACNICOLS.

##### IV.

As time went on, with bad luck and with good, and by dint of hard and constant work, the sum in the savings-bank slowly increased, till at last they had saved enough to purchase a share in Coll MacDougall's boat. And a share in the boat was accordingly purchased.

A proud lad was Rob MacNicol the afternoon he came along to the wharf to take his place in the boat that was now partly

his own. Neil, Duncan, and Nicol watched him as he went forward to the bow, and took his place there at the oar.

Then the big herring-skiff passed out of the harbor in the red glow of the evening, and Rob had achieved the first great ambition of his life.

Rob learned all the lore of the fishermen, and at the end of the season he had more than replaced the twelve pounds he had used of the common fund.

Then he returned to the tailor's boat, and worked with his brothers and cousin.

The MacNicol boys had grown to be greatly respected in the village. The neighbors saw how Rob gradually improved the appearance of his brothers and cousin. All of them had boots and stockings now. Not only that, but they had white shirts and jackets of blue cloth, to go to church with on Sunday.

One day, as Rob was going along the main thoroughfare,\* the banker called him into his office.

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\* Thoroughfare—street.

“Rob,” said he, “have you seen the skiff\* at the building-yard?”

“Yes,” said Rob, for many a time he had stood and looked at the beautiful lines of the new craft: “she’s a splendid boat.”

“Well, you see, Rob,” continued Mr. Bailie, with a good-natured look, “I had the boat built as a kind of speculation. Now, I have been hearing a good deal about you, Rob, from the neighbors. They say that you and your brothers and cousin are good and careful seamen. Now, do you think you could manage that new boat?”

“I!” said Rob, with his eyes staring and his face aflame.

“I go by what the neighbors say, Rob. I think I could trust my property to you. What say you?”

Rob was quite bewildered. All he could say was,—

“I am obliged to you, sir. Will you wait for a minute till I see Neil?”

And very soon the wild rumor ran through the village that no other than Rob Mac-

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\* Though the herring-skiffs are so called, they are comparatively large and powerful boats, and will stand a heavy sea.

Nicol had been appointed master of the new skiff the *Mary of Argyle*, and that he had taken his brothers and cousin as his crew.

Then came the afternoon on which they were to set out for the first time after the herring. All the village came out to see; and Rob was a proud lad as he stepped on board and took his seat as stroke oar.

The afternoon was lovely; there was not a breath of wind; the setting sun shone over the bay; and the *Mary of Argyle* went away across the shining waters with the long, white oars dipping with the precision of clock-work.

Well, the MacNicol lads were now in a fair way of earning a living; and this sketch of how they had struggled into that position may fitly end here.

The last that the present writer heard of them was this,—that they had bought outright the *Mary of Argyle* and her nets, from the banker, and that they were building for themselves a small stone cottage on the slope of the hill above the village.

WILLIAM BLACK.

## 59.—I REMEMBER.

I remember, I remember

The house where I was born,  
The little window where the sun  
Came peeping in at morn ;  
He never came a wink too soon,  
Nor brought too long a day,  
But now I often wish the night  
Had borne my breath away !

I remember, I remember

Where I was used to swing,  
And thought the air must rush as fresh  
To swallows on the wing ;  
My spirit flew in feathers then,  
That is so heavy now,  
And summer pools could hardly cool  
The fever on my brow.

I remember, I remember

The fir-trees dark and high ;  
I used to think their slender tops  
Were close against the sky ;  
It was a childish ignorance,  
But now 'tis little joy  
To know I'm farther off from heaven  
Than when I was a boy.

THOMAS HOOD.



AN EXERCISE FOR LANGUAGE.—No. 12.



# VOCABULARY.

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These words are from the corresponding lessons of Part II. They should be developed from the blackboard before the lessons are read, and given in original sentences by the pupils. Difficult words are sometimes repeated.

## PART II.

I.	in creased'	V.	treas' ures
rag' ged	tem' pest	pov' er ty	wea' ri ness
re' cent	un writ' ten	lug' gage	
throng	pow' der	veg' e ta bles	VII.
hail' ing		poul' try	res' o lute
of' fered	III.	long' ing ly	ti' ni est
slip' per y	mo las' ses	ad vent' ure	pon' der ous
lad' die	poured	en gag' ing	suf fice'
paused	wire	tel' e graph	depths
gird' ed	sieve	gin' ger bread	
some' bod y's		shab' bi er	VIII.
group	IV.	re ward' ed	wed' ding
	planned		which ev' er
II.	head' ache	VI.	chip' munk
as sem' bled	stu' pid	wailed	spied
in firm'	pon' dered	suf' fer er	trav' el ler
dis cov' ered	mourned	ac' ci dent	pa' tience
ho ri' zon	ca' pa ble	ap peared'	di rect'
im me' diately	re mark' a bly	brill' iant	
anx i' e ty	pre ferred'	at' mos phere	IX.
tid' al	wreathe	gar' lands	ge og' ra phy
neigh' bors	a dorned'	un ex pect' ed	im pa' tient
for' tu nate ly	mil' lion aire	good' ies	witch-ha' zel



whisk' ing	xiii.	sulk' ing	de vot' ed
mer' ri ly	in dus' tri ous	fierce' ly	ty' rant
gra' cious	spin' dle	rub' bish	gran' a ry
squeaked	ter' ror	shiv' ered	ac' ci dent
in vis' i ble	scold' ed	com' fort a bly	
	vi' o lent	coughs	xx.
x.	earn' est ly	No vem' ber	blithe
mis' er a ble	en' er gy	fa' vor ite	en gaged'
disappoint' ed	dis cov' ered	jin' gled	in ter rupt' ed
star va' tion	re ward'	dor' mice	de lib' er ate ly
emp' ty		a' mi a ble	im pos' si ble
meas' ure	xiv.	sleigh' ing	pa' tience
dis gust'	perched	sea' son	en cour' aged
	crowed	gen' er ous	maj' es ty
	wel' comed		
xi.	dis' tance	xvii.	xxi.
Ed' in burgh	of' fered	vol ca' no	vi' o lets
plead' ed	ac cept' ed	rum' bling	van' ished
pos' si ble	la' zi ness	la' va	stud' ded
four' pence		earth' quake	re fresh' ment
knocked	xv.	top' sy-tur' vy	ac' cents
shav' ings	isl' and	emp' tied	a nem' o nes
troub' ling	dis pute'	rail' road	
pierce	load' ed	tugged.	xxii.
friend' less	wretch' ed		melt' ed
	wan' der	xviii.	break' fast ed
xii.	bruised	hy' a cinths	fra' grant
mount	cliffs	frowned	press' ure
glo' ry	des' o late	dan' de li ons	cous' ins
con' quers	Cru' soe		pan' sies
knowl' edge		xix.	
delve	xvi.	ar range' ments	xxiii.
di' a dem	man' age	sat' is fied	heart's-ease
vir' tue	com' fort	heir	gar' lands
ex' cel lence	mis' chief	un luck' y	A' bra ham
ce les' ti al			

night' in gales	fur' ni ture	scis' sors	al' co hol
moist' ure	puz' zled	mar' vel lous	poi' son
con' science	flues		health' y
dis hon' or	hearth' -rug	xxx.	ex cess'
	a' prons	com pelled'	un nat' u ral
xxiv.	nailed	knowl' edge	re frain'
trout	re la' tion	ex ist' ence	ac' ids
haw' thorn	mur' dered	prob' a ble	fer men ta' tion
ha' zel	sav' ag es	nu' mer ous	stom' ach
	remem' brance	de rive'	or' di na ry
		price' less	liq' uors
xxv.		im ag' ine	
con trive'	xxviii.	cir' cu lat ed	xxxiv.
rel' ish ing	ba' sins	man' u script	wea' ri ness
dos' es	aston' ish ment	an' ces tor	be guile'
crop' ping	cov' er let	ex pe' ri ence	stead' i ly
im por' tance	del' i cate	in vis' i ble	in clined'
ket' tle	grin' ning		re sist' ed
sprin' kled	mir' ror	xxxI.	bowed
en tice'	sneak	Ca nute'	lone' li ness
gal' lop	fen' der	Den' mark	yield' ed
Nor' way	pea' cock	thith' er	peace
	de stroy'	court' iers	smiled
xxvi.		flat' ter ers	joy' ous ly
nee' es sary	xxix.	o beyed'	
pre' cious	fa' mous		xxxv.
con' se quence	knot' ty	xxxii.	tri' fles
illu mi na' tion	cre at' ed	fra' grance	thor' ough
torch' es	moist' ened	pow' dered	al' ters
ham' mock	steeped	col' um binc	at' oms
de scends'	proc' es ses	ma' ry-buds	de ceive'
cav' erns	va' ri ous		be lieve'
	re peat' ed	xxxiii.	ker' nel
xxvii.	com menc' ing	in ju' ri ous	soothe
Grimes	cler' gy man	sim' i lar	yield' ing
chim' neys	lin' en		

xxxvi.	calm	thresh' old	mur' mur
col' lege	glo' ri ous	chant' ing	par' cel
pro fes' sor	hov' ered	mis' tle toe	of fend' ed
con ceal'	choir	sym' bols	whis' tle
la' bor er	fra' grance	in' no cent	star' tled
pro ceed' ed	nec' tar's		
ut' tered	chant' ed		

xxxvii.  
a jar'  
cush' ion  
fast' ened  
dis turbed'  
drow' sy  
strained  
trick' sy

xxxviii.  
ech' o  
in creased'  
bel' fry  
clf' in  
peal' ing  
pull' ing  
glee' ful  
clap' per  
pout' ed  
op' po site  
nat' u ral  
shiv' er ing  
ex cite' ment

xxxix.  
al' tar  
float' ed

bur' ied  
  
xl.  
trudged  
cour' age  
bur' row  
Chris' tie  
hem' lock  
as sure'  
crowd' ing

xli.  
cir' cling  
spruce  
ar' bor  
hol' ly  
di' a mond  
throat  
vi' o lent ly  
con vince'  
i' ci cle

xlII.  
rus' tling  
phan' toms  
mes' sage  
palms

xlIII.  
for lorn'  
de scend' ed  
pro vis' ions  
par' lor

xlV.  
dread' ful ly  
big' ger  
stu' pid  
vis' it or

xlV.  
par' don  
coun' te nance  
sky' light

xlVI.  
un tied'  
i' roned  
stead' i ly  
bumped  
spec' ta cles  
in' sects  
sea' ward

xlVII.  
en' vy  
wa' vy

xlVIII.  
quiv' er  
de li' cious

xlIX.  
soar  
en tire' ly  
car' ol  
de fied'  
hov' er ing

l.  
coun' ter panes  
this' tle down  
blest

li.  
net' tles  
smart' ing  
shriv' elled  
chrys' al is  
sep' a rat ed  
pos ses' sion  
count' less  
re ceived'  
a wait' ed  
re joic' ings  
thrust  
sucked

LII.	Dun' can	floun' der	LVIII.
em braced'	Neil	gills	in creased'
vi o lin'	Mac Nic' ol	se vere' ly	ac cord' ing ly
ex a mi na' tion	brought	dif' fer ent	pur' chased
cat' er pil lars	in tro duc' tion	rigged	a chieved'
im me' diate ly	fu' ner al	re sem' bling	am bi' tion
ar ri' val	hith' er to	in' ter view	re spect' ed
ex cep' tion	Ja' mie son	pro ceed' ed	neigh' bor
	gro' cer y	sour	prop' er ty
LIII.	Glas' gow	spec' ta cles	grad' u ally
co coon'	shil' lings	thole' -pins	ap pear' ance
bal' sam	com pan' ions	star' tled	im proved'
en closed'	har' bor	sat' is fied	thor' ough fare
priest	lodg' ings	ex pens' es	spec u la' tion
res ur rec' tion	trawl		be wil' dered
strewed	tai' lor	LVII.	ap point' ed
ev er last' ing	de tails'	shoal	ru' mor
	de cid' ed	her' ring	Ar gyle'
LIV.	di rec' tion	mack' er el	pre cis' ion
sleigh	stor' age	ex cite' ment	strug' gled
drift' ed	con sid' er ing	pos si bil' i ty	
dap' ple	guy'-poles	pre vailed'	LIX.
straight	sal' mon	hiss' ing	feath' ers
pump' kin	seine	cap' tured	borne
ex treme' ly	dragged	ex haust' ed	child' ish
		haul	ig' no rance
LV.	LVI.	Mac Dou' gall	re mem' ber
Scot' land	luck' y	fa' mous	breath

## CONTRACTIONS.

can't, cannot	is't, is it	that's, that is
couldn't, could not	I've, I have	there's, there is
didn't, did not	know'st, knowest	'tis, it is
doesn't, does not	let's, let us	'twas, it was
don't, do not	'mid, amid	'twere, it were
e'er, ever	'midst, amidst	we'd, we would
hadn't, had not	Mr., Mister	we'll, we will
he'd, he would	Mrs., Mistress	whate'er, whatever
here's, here is	need'st, needest	whene'er, whenever
he's, he is	ne'er, never	won't, will not
I'd, I would	o'er, over	you'll, you will
I'll, I will	she's, she is	you're, you are
I'm, I am	shouldn't, should not	you've, you have





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